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The Week

CHRISTMAS this year finds the world drawing perceptibly nearer that outbreak of a major war which all mankind dreads and yet seems helpless to prevent. Conflict is raging in Ethiopia; revived talk of oil sanctions against Italy brings the direct threat of European embroilment; Germany is rearming to the extreme limit of her speed and capacity; Japan continues her relentless and menacing advance in Asia; and lesser points of friction exist in a dozen places. As worldwide economic depression appears slowly to be lifting—at least at the top, where profits and dividends are collected—its aftermath becomes visible in the appalling residue of the unemployed who represent the heritage of the capitalist-nationalist system under which most of the world operates. Such, in 1935, is the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

VIRTUALLY unanimous was the burial of the Hoare-Laval plan for ending the Italo-Ethiopian

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The League Council of Eighteen, after hearing Premier Laval and Captain Anthony Eden, withdrew authorization for France and Great Britain to negotiate for a settlement and decreed that henceforth all such attempts will be conducted by the Council as a whole. The next meeting was set for January 20, which becomes the earliest date on which the question of oil, coal and steel sanctions against Italy can be brought before the League. Sir Samuel Hoare, British Foreign Minister, bowed before the combined force of public disapproval and some behind-the-scenes manipulations by political rivals and resigned his post. In the House of Commons the next day he made a favorable impression in some circles by admitting frankly that he was willing to abandon the League in order to prevent Great Britain's being drawn into war, while Prime Minister Baldwin gave a fumbling and apologetic explanation of his Cabinet's "mistake" in approving of the plan. The Fascist Grand Council, meeting in Rome, took the convenient way out that since Britain and others already had repudiated the plan, no formal reply was necessary, and grandiloquently proclaimed renewed faith in Mussolini's aims and Fascist arms.

APPOINTMENT of Captain Anthony Eden as Great Britain's Foreign Minister to succeed Sir Samuel Hoare, and abolition of Eden's former Cabinet post of Minister for League Affairs, was interpreted by the optimists as a forecast of a unified and vigorous pro-League policy in Downing Street. The appointment caused consternation and resentment in Italy, particularly since it came on the heels of Eden's announcement of an agreement among five powers, Greece, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, to render military and naval aid to Britain in case of an attack by Italy. In France, it was thought that the naming of Eden might be the final act that would overthrow the wily and by this time practically non-insultable Premier Laval. Powerful internal support for Laval was withdrawn when Edouard Herriot resigned the presidency of the Radical Socialist Party (possibly in the hope of heading a Centrist ministry to succeed Laval), and the downfall of the Premier's chief foreign ally, Sir Samuel Hoare, rendered Laval's already precarious position practically un-

DELEGATES at the London Naval Conference gave themselves a respite by adjourning for the holidays, to reassemble on January 6. They remained hopelessly deadlocked on Japan's demand for parity, and the British proposal for public declaration of building programs for the next few years seemed to be making little headway. An ominous incident occurred in Outer Mongolia, where a detachment of Japanese and Manchukuoan troops was accused of crossing the border and engaging in a skirmish with Mongolians, killing several of them. The long and bitter, albeit undercover, struggle in Germany between the Nazi Storm Troopers and the Reichswehr as to who should organize the war veterans and the classes of conscripts now passing through the army, ended in a victory for the regular army. On Saturday there was announced in Berlin the formation of a non-political Soldiers' League to which all ex-soldiers mustered out since 1921, and all future veterans, will belong.

HOLIDAY buying and mailing in the United States reached the highest point of any year since the depression began. Congressional leaders arrived in Washington to prepare for the opening session of Congress in January, with the budget, the bonus and a permanent neutrality act as major items on the legislative program. The Interstate Commerce Commission gave advance indication of its plan to reduce the maximum railroad fares in the United States to two cents per mile for day-coach travel and three cents in Pullmans, with abolition of the present Pullman surcharge. This move was greeted with general enthusiasm in the South and West, where even lower rates have been tried with considerable success (these are still permitted), while the reduction continues to meet opposition from railroads in the North and East.

ADVOCATES of American coöperation with the League of Nations in its sanctions policy may well ponder the events and revelations of the past week. On the surface of things, the appointment of Anthony Eden as Foreign Minister and the agreement of the five Balkan countries to render military aid under the terms of the League Covenant in case Britain is attacked by Italy, would seem to rehabilitate the League's prestige and Britain's good faith, both so sadly damaged by the Hoare-Laval peace plan. At the same time, however, it now develops that Great Britain—not last week, but early in December—sounded out Greece, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia on the subject of military aid. The consultations were confidential, and in confidence all these countries gave their pledges of aid.

GREAT BRITAIN, emboldened by this secret support, confronted Mussolini with the threat of oil sanctions. He was not impressed, and threatened ing is big business; it is directly connected at a dozen

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vealed the secret agreement. This surely would stop Mussolini. It didn't. It merely gave him some scores to settle when the proper time came. British diplomats, now thoroughly alarmed, abandoned allies, agreements and League principles and connived in the Hoare-Laval proposals. An aroused world opinion blocked that plan. This week, rather lamely and with some understandable diffidence on the part of the Balkan countries, the hitherto secret military agreement is made public. Such are the methods of the ruling powers in the League that Americans are asked to support. The present move is simply a new alliance of military forces in the Mediterranean, and the ultimate settlement is likely to be a peace based on a return to much of the Hoare-Laval terms, with some of the most blatant features eliminated.

AT LAST, a real united front in support of the Scottsboro boys. In the new trial which is about to begin, the defendants will be aided by a committee on which all shades of opinion will be fairly represented, from left to right. Every effort is being made to avoid, in carrying on the defense, the risk of rousing once again the Southern prejudice against Northerners or communists, and to conduct the courtroom proceedings on a basis of the facts alone. While it is hard to believe that a jury can be found, after all this time, that will be truly without prejudice, the new orientation of the defense is important for several reasons: first, because the sole effort will now be to get an acquittal; and second, because coöperation of widely divergent groups in this case holds an encouraging promise of similar coöperation on other and equally urgent matters.

WHAT has become of the famous theory that racketeering would die with prohibition? Within the past few days we have had a torture murder in Chicago, obviously committed by gangsters; Mayor LaGuardia's ban on small artichokes in New York City in the effort to stop extortion levied against the handlers of these vegetables; the announcement, also from New York City, that witnesses are refusing to testify against racketeers and that long jail sentences may be necessary to force their coöperation, and Colonel Lindbergh's flight from our shores, perhaps for a few months and perhaps permanently, in order to reduce the risk that his second son may be kidnaped.

OUR sympathies go out to the Colonel, most of whose troubles may be attributed to the merciless persecution of the sensational press which began the day he landed at Le Bourget and has never stopped for a moment since. As for the New York City campaign against rackets, it seems to us certain to fail because it is not based on an understanding of the evil against which it is directed. Racketeer-

strikingly like the efforts of the trade associations, whose effect, before the N.R.A. and to some extent since its demise, has been to nullify the operations of the anti-trust laws. It is possible that Mayor LaGuardia may succeed in driving the artichoke ring into operations in some other field; it is certain that prison sentences for witnesses will fail to make them talk as long as the penalty for talking is death. Racketeering will never end until we understand its relation to the money-minded society out of which it grows and abolish the underlying causes for it.

FASCISM may seem a vague and foreign-sounding word to great numbers of American citizens, but some highly concrete evidence of what it means may be found in the official regulations of the United States War Department governing the action of military units in "domestic disturbances." The regulations begin by making a nice distinction between a crowd as "a group which has not yet lost its collective sense of fear" and a mob, which has lost its fear and whose members can "only be brought to their senses by an overpowering demonstration of force." This demonstration is made with bullets—army officers are definitely told to shoot to kill. United States Army regulations will back up the order, and the decision as to when a peaceful picket line, a group of strikers, or a collection of sympathizers and bystanders passes through the successive stages of lawful assembly to crowd to mob rests solely with the military commander. Nor should the commander hesitate, for the War Department benignly assures him that "individual officers and men are not liable for honest errors in judgment in determining how much force is necessary in a given emergency." A citizen's skull may be split by a bullet, or his abdomen ripped with a bayonet, but no matter. Perhaps it was "an honest error in judgment." As W. P. Mangold points out in another column in this issue, the use of troops in strikes is constantly increasing. In many ways the most sinister foreshadowing of American fascism comes in that part of the regulations instructing a commander in a disturbed area to seek out "the location of the headquarters of the American Legion and other local organizations representing law and order. The meeting places, strength, attitude, etc., of the members of these organizations should be ascertained, and a conference with their commanders or leaders should be arranged."

THAT the war-mongers in this country and elsewhere will not give up without a struggle their lucrative trade in materials of war for Fascist Italy was again demonstrated last week. Eight people, representing the League Against War and Fascism, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the League of American Writers, and a representative empowered to speak for sixty trade unions, most of them affiliated with the A.F. of L., Genoa with a cargo of scrap-iron. The entire crew, twenty-two seamen, were on strike. Some of them had walked out in protest against a wage cut and the rest followed when they discovered the ship's destination and also that the "Spero" was unseaworthy. When the members of the delegation attempted to explain their reasons for being there, they were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct. They were tried the next day by Judge Anthony Botti in First Criminal Court, Jersey City. A lawyer hired by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, whose pier was being used by the ship, was permitted to act as prosecuting attorney and all the prosecution witnesses, except one newspaper reporter whose evidence was ambiguous, were the railroad police who had effected the arrest. All the defendants were convicted, with suspended sentence. The "Spero" sailed with a scab crew while the Jersey City trial was still in process.

Liquidate the W.P.A.!

THE Works Progress Administration is now under severe fire from the conservatives. Their general argument is that work relief costs more than home relief; that the government ought to assist as few unemployed as possible, with as little money as possible, in the interest of reduced federal expenditure and lower taxes. We may expect in the next few weeks an increase in this criticism. W.P.A. projects will be held up to scorn as boon-doggling. There will be much talk about the inefficiency of its workers, especially on outdoor projects where passing motorists (who never grasped a pick or shovel in their lives) can judge, as they ride, just how speedily an ex-bookkeeper should dig a trench. Much will be heard as well, some of it richly justified, about political appointments of incompetent administrators, about endless red tape, about graft in certain states.

While The New Republic agrees that the W.P.A. was a mistake, the basis for our criticism is far from resembling that of the Tories who want the taxpayers to benefit at the expense of the unemployed. Graft and political nepotism are of course regrettable. Much graft can be stopped and we understand that Mr. Hopkins is already taking steps in this direction. Political nepotism is a result of the Farley influence in the Roosevelt administration and will continue as long as the President accepts machine politics as a necessary condition to reëlection. But The New Republic is opposed to the W.P.A. primarily because it was a bad idea in the first place, and has been badly carried out.

No aspect of the present administration has suffered more from sudden whims and vagaries at the top, from lack of planning and the attempt to rush through impossible jobs overnight, than relief for the unemployed. With the experience of a dozen

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to that experience and have resulted in wasting huge sums and in creating an incalculable amount of human misery as the victims of the economic storm were taken off one program and left to fight their way upon another, or given temporary aid without knowing from day to day when the sword would descend, or, in thousands of cases, left without help of any kind because their special cases happened to fall in the interstices between two plans.

As everyone knows, we have never had a public-works program in this country worthy of the name. Because of restrictions to keep the government clear of all-sacred private enterprise, plus red tape and timidity, we have never spent in any year or even any six months, enough money to bring a material expansion in the country's purchasing power. The one great public-works project, housing, has been almost entirely betrayed, kissed to death in the house of its reputed friends. Of the successive plans for succoring the unemployed, the best, on the whole, was the C.W.A., of the winter of 1933-34. It was started too fast, it included much waste, but it gave the unemployed reasonably good wages, and it tried to fit the job to the idle man, not the man to the job. It was stopped overnight in the spring of 1934 for various reasons, chief of which was a promise by Mr. Roosevelt to the big business interests that he would try to economize—one of a series of such promises none of which he could keep, for the simple reason that economic recovery depended so largely on government spending.

The home-relief program of the federal and state Emergency Relief Administrations began about as badly as possible, but had improved greatly in the course of time. Painfully, it was pounded into the heads of the administrators, and the officials who allotted them their money, that grocery orders were better than food baskets, that cash relief was better than grocery orders, that when 20,000,000 people are dependent on charity it can't all be their own, individual fault, that the unemployed have some rights which even a relief worker must respect. Progress in this matter has been uneven in various parts of the country; there are still states and cities living in the dark ages, but on the whole, things were far better two months ago than they were two years ago. Under the work-relief program of the F.E.R.A. some notable projects were started by which the unemployed produced needed articles for the use of their fellow unemployed (most of these were stopped through pressure brought by private producers of competing goods).

Then, a few months ago, Mr. Roosevelt got a grandiose idea—the idea of abolishing federal home relief, putting one person to work in every family receiving aid, paying him enough to live on, and turning the unemployables back to the states and cities. This would give jobs to a lot of people who would rather work than eat charity bread; it would be slightly larger than the per-family expenditure for home relief, the federal government would save money because so many persons—1,500,000 families—would be turned back to the states and cities. Big business, which wants lower federal expenditures, would be pleased. Fourteen million people belonging to unemployed families would be pleased, because their monthly incomes would be slightly larger and at least one breadwinner in each household would have a job again. The public would be pleased because this was something bigger and better than any other country had ever dared do (except Russia, where, most annoyingly, there isn't any unemployment at all).

Mr. Roosevelt's sudden, great impulse might have worked out if three conditions had been met: First, if enough time had been taken to prepare plans for such a titanic undertaking; second, if the potential projects actually existed; third, if the appropriation had been large enough to do the job. But not one of these things was true. Poor Mr. Hopkins, the most long suffering man on earth, was asked to improvise overnight a program which his common sense told him was impossible. The limitations on the type of project were such that it was hopeless to try to find useful jobs for 3,500,000 people. The President decided, nobody knows how or why, that four billions was the right amount to ask from Congress, perhaps one-half or one-third of what was needed.

The result of all this has been a madhouse. We can only hint here, in summarized form, at some of the results:

> Many cities and states are protesting that they are without funds to take care of the so-called unemployables dumped back upon them. There is good reason to believe that among these unemployables are many thousands of persons able and willing to work, for whom no jobs have been found under the hastily improvised program.
>
> The nationwide system of Emergency Relief Bureaus so painfully built up in the last two years is being cut down, in part destroyed, its morale broken. Yet it seems clear that within a few months the country will be forced to return to this system and start doing the job all over again.
>
> The new W.P.A. organization has been made a happy hunting ground for incompetent politicians, friends of Mr. Farley, who lack the brains, experience and willingness to do a good job.
>
> The original program has been turned upside down. It was first intended to spend most of the money on public works, housing, rural electrification, rural resettlement, etc., with the W.P.A. taking care of a supposedly small residue. Instead, the W.P.A. is carrying the main load and these other projects have been scaled down to a heartbreaking extent. Public works will get only one-third as much as was planned. Housing gets almost exactly nothing. For new roads, the expenditure will be less by two-thirds. The $200,000,000 earmarked for rural electrification, one of the most hopeful of all New Deal proposals, has been cut to

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The curtailment of public-works projects is especially to be regretted because every dollar of federal funds would have been matched by more than a dollar of local money.

Less than six percent of the W.P.A. projects are for white-collar workers, who are left stranded between the old organization and the new. The federal census of unemployment, which would have cared for many thousands of these individuals, was canceled for political reasons. This is why many unemployed clerical workers are swinging picks—or trying to—on rough outdoor work.

In the attempt to do the impossible, only the simplest routine projects of standard types have been approved for the W.P.A. This means that many of the best of them have been discarded. Actually, half the money is being spent for street paving, and a quarter for park, playground and sewer work, much of which could not be justified under normal conditions.

This situation would have been bad enough even if the whole four billion dollars were available for use along the specified lines. In fact, a vast sum, probably at least a billion, is being held back to be used next autumn, avoiding the necessity for asking Congress, during an election year, for a huge additional appropriation for the unemployed. The four billions must also take care of the C.C.C., with a high per-capita cost because its workers get maintenance plus $30 a month. (After an effort to double its size, the C.C.C. is now being cut back to its original 300,000 men.) In actual fact, the W.P.A. turns out to have only about one billion dollars. The present public-works program has roughly one-third as much, and will not reach its peak of employment until next July. The W.P.A. will almost certainly run through its money by April or a few weeks later. Meanwhile, the relief rolls have begun to rise at an alarming rate. Never have more than one-half of the people out of work sought government aid; the rest have lived off their savings, their relatives and friends. In the seventh year of depression, their resources are fast becoming exhausted.

The lesson from all this would seem to be plain. We shall have a tremendous number of unemployed for years to come, even if the much ballyhooed recovery should turn out to be real. The W.P.A. is a failure by any standard we know how to apply—not, certainly, through Mr. Hopkins' fault, but because what he was asked to do was impossible. Work has *not* been made for all the employables on relief. Not much work of any value has been made for anybody. The states and cities have been handed a problem, in caring for the so-called unemployables, that they simply cannot meet. Mr. Hoover's pretty-sounding theory that relief should be a local matter, on a neighborly basis, is just so much sweet nonsense. Relief cannot be compartmented because income is not compartmented. Money is drained off from most parts of the country into a few great financial centers—chiefly New York. The only way to bring it back to the place [illegible] through federal borrowing or taxation, preferably the latter.

The W.P.A. should be scrapped. Not overnight, certainly—there has been too much overnight scrapping of programs already—but as soon as a substitute can be prepared. We should return to federal relief throughout the country, supplemented by local funds only to a reasonable extent. Relief payments to individuals should be greatly increased and large enough to make sure we are not crippling one-fifth of the next generation by slow starvation; they have never yet been large enough for this anywhere in the United States. The country should embark, after careful planning, on a public-works program as big as can be managed; if we are losing forty billions a year through the depression, it need not frighten us to spend, if necessary, ten billions to help end it, especially when we should be getting value received for every dollar. These public works should be of a useful character, and should be carried out by the best trained labor available, whether previously unemployed or not, at going wages. They should include some projects big and useful enough to catch the imagination of the whole people. A real housing program, and such things as a modern transcontinental highway, would serve this purpose.

Conservative England has gone much farther than has the New Deal along these lines. England has built 1,250,000 houses with public money, and thereafter has experienced a boom in private building that effectively answers the hysterical fears of the American real-estate men. England has not hesitated to impose taxes one and a half times our own and to create a public debt three times as large, per capita. Perhaps most important of all, England has taken one line and stuck to it, instead of starting a new plan about every Monday and abandoning it ten days later. The results, in both countries, of these divergent policies are written large for all the world to see.

The Supreme Court Improvises

THE Supreme Court never makes jokes, but sometimes it indulges in grim jest. Dignity suffices to save it from the one; not always are reason, wisdom, detachment together adequate to protect it from the other. These reflections are prompted by the decision the other day in the Vermont income-tax case. Seldom, if ever, has a judicial reading of the Constitution put a greater strain upon the credulity of the country.

The case is not free from technicalities, but its gist can be briefly stated. Vermont imposes a tax on income received from interest-bearing securities —but with an exemption for interest received (at a rate of five percent or less) from *money loaned within the state*. Claiming that this exemption violates the federal Con[illegible]

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outside the state contested the tax thereon. The Supreme Court now upholds him in this contention, declaring that the tax is an abridgment of those "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States" which are protected by a little-known clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The new constitutional privilege which the Court has discovered is that of a citizen of the United States —attributable to his national citizenship—to "trade, buy or sell, contract or negotiate across" state lines; and its importance is that it serves neatly to strike down state legislation after all else—the implied prohibition of the commerce clause, and the due-process and equal-protection clauses—has failed. Specifically, as Mr. Justice Stone points out in a devastating dissent, we have here—in respect of state taxation—a new and "inexhaustible source of immunities, incalculable in their benefits to taxpayers and in their harm to local government."

The cream of the jest, however, does not lie in the consequential mischief of the decision. It lies in what had to be done to arrive at it. By a majority of six to three the Court has overturned a uniform course of decision of more than sixty years' standing. "Since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," says Mr. Justice Stone, "at least forty-four cases have been brought to this Court in which state statutes have been assailed as infringements of the privileges-and-immunities clause. Until today none has held that state legislation infringed that clause." Two weeks ago Mr. Justice Stone's biting statement that "citizens of the United States are given no privilege not to pay taxes" (by the privileges-and-immunities clause) would have been the advice that any competent lawyer would have given his client. Not even the lawyers for the protesting taxpayer, so far as appears from the opinion, are an exception to this statement. For they took up their position—a position by implication held untenable—under the equal-protection clause! Nor does the opinion of the state court below give any indication that the privileges-and-immunities clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was argued before it.

What does all this mean? It means that a tribunal now engaged on many fronts in asserting the authority of "immutable principles" has of its own motion effected a most egregious mutation of principle. It means that a Court which has just finished reading the country a series of lectures on "the rightful independence of the states" has now announced a principle of nationalism so extreme that it was again and again rejected outright in the most nationalistic period of the Court's history. *"As citizens of the United States,"* says Mr. Justice Sutherland (italics added), "we are members of a single great community consisting of all the states united and not of distinct communities consisting of the states severally." And he gives notice of intention to implement that concept with a whole new series of prohibitions upon state action. It will not

For the suspicion refuses to down that there is a higher consistency. A narrow concept of national power serves as a weapon against federal legislation offensive to a traditional cast of mind. A broad concept of that power serves as a weapon against state legislation which offends similarly. "The commerce clause enacts the doctrine of laissez-faire," a noted New York lawyer, active in several attacks on New Deal legislation, is reported to have declared recently. The claim was perhaps too modest. This latest step in the direction of a covenant of negations suggests new possibilities of the way in which the whole Constitution may be held to have enacted it.

At best, constitutional interpretation is of course a flexible and unpredictable business. To protest such departures as this is not to embrace a narrow notion of precedent. For here was no question of application of uncertain or conflicting generalizations. Here was no pretense of change of economic or social fact such that, if the old rule be not given new form, new meaning will perforce be put into the old form. There was in the opinion no reasoned acknowledgment—always permissible—of original error. The Court was rather dealing with a basic postulate—long put beyond dispute—of informed thinking about the Constitution. Purporting to follow precedent upon such a matter, it has rendered a decision that, as the dissenters have ineradicably shown, does not follow precedent.

Yesterday the privileges-and-immunities clause protected only a narrow group of interests growing immediately out of the relationship between the citizens and the national government. Today it protects a seemingly vast and indeterminate range of private property rights. Choosing thus to overthrow established doctrine in one instance, the Court proclaims beyond question that it is choice and choice alone that makes it refuse to overthrow established doctrine, or doctrine asserted to be established, in another. Undermining in such drastic fashion the element of continuity in law, it undermines no less drastically the chief basis of its own moral authority.

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The Death and Legacy of Huey Long

WHAT HAPPENED on the night Huey P. Long was assassinated will, in all probability, never be known. Even the best informed persons have large gaps in their knowledge. There are two stories—one for those opposed to Long, the other for those who followed him. You are therefore at liberty to take your choice according to your bias.

The first story, briefly, is this. Huey, in one of his various utterances to his assembled legislature in Baton Rouge, accused Dr. Weiss's father-in-law (an obscure judge whom he was trying to dislodge) of having Negro blood. Dr. Weiss, anxious to protect his infant son from the social and economic consequences of such a charge, went to the statehouse to demand a retraction. When Huey came out of the door of the legislative chamber to go to the telephone, Dr. Weiss tried to speak to him. Huey pushed him aside, Dr. Weiss fell to the floor (a variation of this story contends that one of the bodyguards slugged him), pulled out his pistol and fired. Those who believe this story submit as evidence (a) the upward course taken by the bullet and (b) Dr. Weiss's normal behavior all that day.

The course of the bullet would, indeed, indicate that it was fired by a man near or on the floor and Dr. Weiss's actions were hardly those of a man who knew—as anyone who intended to shoot Long must have known—that he was going to be killed that night. No proof has been offered, however, that Long actually made the statement regarding Dr. Weiss's father-in-law. Neither is there any evidence tending to substantiate the contention that Dr. Weiss was struck, either by Long or one of his bodyguards. And as far as the bullet and Dr. Weiss's behavior are concerned, bullets are easily deflected from their normal courses and men under great stress (witness the deceptive actions of many suicides) do not always betray their emotion.

The second story, told by those friendly to Long, simply insists that Huey was murdered—either as the result of a plot or for personal political revenge. The plot variation (men banded together to rid the state of Long, drawing lots in a secret room, the fatal number falling to Dr. Weiss) is widely, even fanatically, believed. It has won most credence among the working-class people in New Orleans and the countrymen in the rural districts. On the basis of cold fact and the laws of probability, it seems to be a fable, but—and this you hear on all sides—it has never been disproved.

The "investigation" that followed Huey's death was a farce. Long's coffin was used as a speaking-stump by politicians on both sides and the only thing

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tral middle ground, waving aside the theory of a plot, believe for the most part that Long was shot because of his determination to oust Dr. Weiss's father-in-law from office. They see no motive in the assassination other than that of personal revenge. My own opinion, submitted for what it is worth, is that the first story, particularly in regard to what happened in the statehouse, comes closer to being the truth. It should be remembered, however, in all fairness, that this is only an opinion and that I have a bias of long standing myself.

Everywhere you go in New Orleans you hear rumors. One of the most prevalent is that the operation performed on Huey after the shooting was badly bungled; that a doctor he lifted out of obscurity to a high political place did more to end his life than did Dr. Weiss. You hear, in all seriousness, that Huey is still alive; that the man they buried was somebody else; that when the time comes Huey will reappear to lead his people to the fertile green places where every man is king. Perhaps the only rumor you do not hear is the one being told about the country to the effect that Huey was shot by one of his bodyguards—a fable which, like most of the others, has no foundation in truth.

But out of this welter of myths and fables and guesses comes one known fact that brings a kind of dramatic logic to Long's assassination. Huey was killed because he wanted to make headlines. When Dr. Weiss shot him he was on his way to the telephone to say to a New Orleans newspaper (all this having been arranged by a third party) that he was going to demand a congressional investigation into the deaths of the veterans killed in the Florida hurricane. He had been asked to make such a statement and, despite the dog-and-cat fight he was having with the New Orleans press, he was only too glad to oblige. It would have been front-page stuff all over the country and Huey was too wise a politician to pass up an opportunity to make the front page. If it had not been for that, and for his hatred of Franklin D. Roosevelt and all his works, Huey Long, although the chances are against it, might be alive today.

II

Huey leaves behind an enormous amount of confusion and a machine which, while only 30 percent as effective as when he was alive, still remains one of the most potent political organizations the United States has ever seen. Huey, of course, was the generator—supplying the machine with the electric current of his personality and ambition, and

be solved. There was only one Huey P. Long, and what has been suspected about dictatorships (that they cannot, for any length of time, survive the passing of the dictator) is proved in Louisiana to be true. Long's machine, however, utilizing what might be called Huey's posthumous energy, will probably continue to control Louisiana for the next several years. You hear about the strength of the anti-Long forces, but there has been such talk for years and there is no good reason to take any more stock in it now than there was before. Politicians, like small boys walking past a graveyard, must whistle to keep up their courage.

The strong man of the Long machine, as every person in Louisiana knows, is Robert (Bob) Maestri, Commissioner of Conservation in the Huey Cabinet. Maestri was known to be close to Long, one of his pals, but his emergence as Long's successor caused considerable surprise. It is easily understood, however, when it is realized that Long, who had a genius for organization, left the actual running of Louisiana to his henchmen while he barked orders and gave his personal attention to becoming President. When Huey Long died he had, in one sense, completely outgrown Louisiana. It was "his state," of course, and extremely important to him, but its prime importance lay in the revenues to be derived from political control of the state. Millions of Louisiana dollars flowed into the Long treasury, but (and this accounts for the fact that Long died a relatively poor man) they flowed right out again—grease for the Louisiana machine and his national eye-on-the-presidency "Share Our Wealth" organization.

Two men, it now seems apparent, tended to the Long finances—Maestri and Seymour Weiss, a former shoe-clerk who, as manager of New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel, became one of Huey's first-line lieutenants. The set-up seems to have been this: Maestri, not unaided, got the money: Weiss, not unaided, handed it out. The necessity for money still remains—not so much money as formerly, perhaps, but enough to ensure continued political control of the state; to see that the boys get theirs. Weiss, undoubtedly, is still one of the most influential men in the Long organization—certainly the smartest—but, apparently, he is without political ambition, preferring to remain one of the powers behind the throne. He is, besides, under indictment for evading the income tax and it would have been very unwise politically for him to assume open control of the Long machine. What happened in the innumerable sessions that followed Long's death will never be known, but it seems fairly clear that Weiss and Maestri, talking in the plain political language of dollars and cents, told the bickering Longsters that they were going to give orders from now on. And, as Governor O. K. Allen can attest, they certainly have.

Since Mr. Maestri will probably rattle around the *known* sources of Long money. The other [illegible] mysteriously reported as "contr

be of interest. It leads, furthermore, back into the financial department of the Long dictatorship and sheds considerable light on the state of affairs in New Orleans today. Mr. Maestri has always been a fairly wealthy man. His family's fortune had two sources—real estate and one of the largest retail furniture establishments in New Orleans. A large block of the Maestri real estate is in the New Orleans red-light district—comparable, I should say, to the less refined sections of the Marseilles water front—and how much Maestri furniture has gone into the houses in the district no man can possibly know. Mr. Maestri, also, has a large stake in the New Orleans racetrack and he is reported, perhaps maliciously, to be financially interested in one of the larger gambling houses in St. Bernard parish—immediately adjoining New Orleans. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the main sources of Long's money was from gambling "privileges," and, as the nice people in New Orleans say, other forms of "vice." I cannot be so shocked by this as perhaps I should be. New Orleans has always been a wide-open town and what Long did was simply to divert the stream of "dirty" money from the coffers of the Old Regular gang into his own. I do think, however, that even if, as some people say, gambling in New Orleans has not greatly increased, there are more gambling devices in New Orleans (slot machines, punch-boards, etc.) than there have ever been before.

There are slot machines wherever you go—in saloons, clubs, drug stores, soft-drink establishments, cigar stores, even in the lobbies of some of the buildings. Everybody plays them—school children, housewives, workmen, bankers, lawyers, the whole town. From an authoritative source I learned that there are approximately 1,000 slot machines in the city of New Orleans and its immediate environs. Each one of these machines, I was further informed, must earn at least $50 a week. It requires only simple multiplication to arrive at the figure of $50,000 as the take of the Long forces every week from the slot-machine racket alone. Add to this the returns from the lottery racket (New Orleans has always been infested with lotteries), the out-and-out gambling houses outside the city and the various other forms of take-a-chance, and you have, at a modest estimate, at least another $50,000.

The Long organization, therefore, collects at least $100,000 a week from its gambling privileges —a tidy sum of $5,200,000 a year. To this must also be added the unknown amounts that are diverted from state funds, the regular shake-down of all state employees and the reported two-percent "commission" (of the total cost of the job) that every individual or firm awarded a state contract is expected to put back into the Long "kitty." And these, it should be remembered, are only a few o

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I have no idea as to how the Louisiana take was formerly divided—how much went into private pockets, how much to keep the state machine going, how much was put into the "Share Our Wealth" movement. The point to make, however, is that (except in the inflamed imagination of the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith) there is no longer a concerted "Share Our Wealth" organization. That ended with Huey. The men now in control of Louisiana can forget all about national politics and use the tremendous state pay-off to cement their own positions. The five million dollars of gambling money alone can do a lot of cementing. Many elections in Louisiana have been bought for less. And the rest —which is a considerable rest—can be listed under the head of personal profit and divided accordingly. I charge, simply, that the state of Louisiana is now being milked by a gang of venal and corrupt politicians for all they can possibly get; that the city of New Orleans has been turned into a vast gambling hall; that all forms of so-called vice have been organized to bring the greatest possible financial returns; that graft is the accepted order of the day; that the next election will be either bought or stolen; and that—which is possibly the gravest charge of all—nobody seems to care.

III

The question is, how long will the present state of affairs in Louisiana last? It will last, I believe (although this is only a partial answer) just as long as Huey's spirit broods over the land. His ghost is a mighty ghost and his words—spoken by less gifted tongues, to be sure—still fill the air. It is important to point out, since it may have a meaning to the country at large, that Huey's dictatorship was given him by popular mandate. He was hated, bitterly and venomously, but he was also loved—loved as no man in Louisiana, possibly in the United States, was ever loved before. To deny this is simply to deny reality. An old workingman I spoke with, who is about eighty, told me that when Huey was shot he prayed that he himself might die in order that Huey might be saved. "We needed him," he said. "The poor people all over the country needed him."

To understand this attitude it must be remembered that Huey Long, for all his fascism (and here again there may be a meaning for the whole country), was the only man in Louisiana politics who even tried to make good on his promises. To deny this is, again, to deny reality. To wave aside his roads, his free schoolbooks, his school bus service, his new schoolhouses, his tax reductions, his debt moratorium, his abolition of the poll tax, is to wave aside some of the most important reasons for his continued success. It is to make the people of Louisiana absolute fools and idiots. After the control, first of the plantation, banking, railroad and utility interests, then of the New Orleans ring (all the owners have fl[illegible] came as a welcome, even wholesome, relief. This must be realized. Huey got his—got everything he wanted. But, as a particularly able New Orleans journalist has discovered, a man who has always been opposed to Long, an examination of the state finances since 1890 will show that Huey returned to the people of Louisiana a greater percentage of state funds than had ever been returned before. This is why the present regime is more outrageous and tragic than Long's. Huey, knowing he had to do something to maintain his identity as the leader of the masses, made some effort to bring social improvement to Louisiana. All that is over with—done, forgotten, finished. From now on the boys who own the cow get the cream, every ounce of it, and the skimmed milk as well.

But Huey's memory, haloed now with martyrdom, will endure for some time. It has enormous political value. As long as it can be kept alive and fresh—as long as Maestri and his parade can march under the sacred banner (and in some sections it is sacred) of Every Man a King—the present cowherds will continue their milking. I may have to eat these words, but it is my belief that the opposition has as much chance of winning the next election as Herbert Hoover—and the people in Louisiana distinctly do not like Herbert Hoover.

And who is the opposition? It is composed, first of all, of just another gang of small-time politicians; third-rate men and third-rate minds; outs wanting to be in. If elected they would turn the state right back to the plantation, utility, banking and industrial interests Huey originally routed. There is not a single man among them who has the faintest conception that this is not 1928—that the people are sick and tired of the old political razzle-dazzle and the old, worn, stupid political clichés. They are basing their whole campaign on the single lofty issue that if they get elected Mr. Roosevelt will be happy and the state will get the P.W.A. money that the administration wouldn't give Long. They say, also, that they will end the present corruption and graft. But, as person after person said to me, why should they be believed? The elements they represent were in power before and there was more graft (of state funds) than there was under Huey Long.

The popular psychology, as I was able to gather it, runs something like this: "What did Pleasant do for the state? What did Parker do? What did Fuqua and Simpson do? Not a thing. Huey was different. He made a lot of promises but he kept a lot of them. He did things. His crowd say they will keep on doing things. Maybe they will and maybe they won't. But we know the old gang won't. We'll give Huey's crowd a chance."

All the New Orleans newspapers are backing the opposition, but they are probably more of a liability than an asset. I know of no city where the press is more discredited than it is in New Orleans. All

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joke. There is more first-rate journalistic talent in New Orleans than there is in any other city except New York, Chicago and San Francisco, but it is smothered under the timidity, indecision, short-sightedness and vague political ambitions of the publishers. If there were one political leader in Louisiana with even an approximation of a social conscience, and if he could be supported by a single four-sheet newspaper that the masses could believe in, he could pick up the state and put it in his pocket and then go fishing.

Huey Long, whatever else he did or did not do, has awakened the people of Louisiana to the deficiencies and flaws in our political and economic structure. Whether they remain awake, or whether they will be lulled to sleep again by the nostalgic music of aspiring troubadours, we shall know in due time. At the moment we can only say that a dictator has gone but the dictatorship remains—torn with petty bickerings, crumbling, but apparently destined to endure for the next several years.

HAMILTON BASSO.

Will Japan Crack Up?

II: *The High Cost of Imperialism*

JAPAN today is girding her loins for the most dangerous test of strength that the Island Empire has been called upon to face in modern times. She is preparing herself in earnest for the achievement of undisputed political leadership in the East, on the continent of Asia as well as in the Pacific, and, if need be, for a major war to assert and firmly to establish the principle of her supremacy. While still in the throes of a belated though vehement industrial revolution, at the same time she is reaching out to develop and exploit economically her growing sphere of political influence.

Unfortunately for Japan, such development can take place only at tremendous cost and with the odds strongly against early material success. There is no doubt, of course, that in a general way the strength of the Japanese nation has been imposingly increased in recent years. Japan's army and navy (though not yet her air forces) have made great forward strides. During the four years following the "Manchurian Incident" and ending on March 31, 1936, Japan will have spent on her armaments as much as in the whole war and rearmament decade from 1913-14 to 1922-23, *i. e.*, more than $1,050,000,000.[1] And this has meant at least two or three times as much in actual fighting value, for low domestic prices and wages benefit Japan's fighting forces just as much as they do her export trade. Behind that large, efficient and newly equipped fighting force numbering about 400,000 men in the army and navy, there are millions of reservists and half-trained recruits with a huge supply of up-to-date arms waiting ready for them.

Japan's industrial production—the second yardstick of national strength—has shown surprising growth, in quantity as well as in quality, making her at last virtually independent of the technique of Western countries. From 1914 to 1934, industrial production increased more than six times, while the horse-power total of mechanical power in industry grew ninefold, and her railway network doubled. At the same time, the threefold increase in the quantity of her export trade, coupled as it was with a great extension of the variety of export goods, has enabled Japan to procure from abroad, especially for armament purposes, more and more of those raw materials which she totally lacks.

The patriotic impulse and the fighting spirit of Japan's people—another major aspect of her national strength—do not yet seem to have suffered much from the alternating growth and suppression of internal discord. In the opinion of her military leaders, there has even been marked success in increasing the nation's fighting spirit during this time of "National Emergency"—at least if compared with the first decade after the World War. In foreign politics—the final touchstone of national force—Japan's position has been strengthened to an undreamed-of degree. This has come partially in consequence of her general progress, and partially by means of her conscious exploitation of the growing disequilibrium in world politics.

There is, however, one link of extreme weakness in that chain of powerful positions which Japan has succeeded in forging, and which her boundless ambitions are gradually putting to the supreme and apparently dangerous test. It is state finance. For all of this astonishing progress in other fields has been achieved at the cost of a tremendous financial strain. The solidity of Japanese state finance, which even in the past was never established beyond doubt, has been greatly endangered; the precariousness of Japan's financial position is becoming more obvious and more embarrassing as time goes on.

Armed to the teeth, possessing large and efficient industries of all kinds, providing a full tenth of the world's export trade in manufactured goods, retaining a great measure of her traditional fighting spirit and enjoying a more powerful position in the

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threatens to sap her military, industrial and spiritual strength no less than it promises to undermine the nation's standing abroad. For the increased strength of the army and navy is entirely borrowed. One might say that not a single cent of the $1,050,000,000 which Japan will have spent for armaments during the five-year period from 1931 to 1936 originated from normal state revenues. At the same time, her national debt will have grown by about $1,200,000,000, increasing by more than half, in that short period. If, from now on, the Japanese army and navy had to be content with the balance left from the total state revenue after the deduction of all "civilian" state expenditure, their annual emolument would be hardly one-fifth of what they now demand for 1936-37 and less than one-fourth of what they are actually spending in 1935-36. But as it is, armament expenditure is the first charge on the national budget. If one looks at the figures from this point of view, armaments have entirely crowded out all normal administrative expenditure, making the latter entirely dependent on borrowing.

Japan's total state revenue in 1935-36 is estimated at roughly $432,000,000. The combined expenditures of army and navy alone were fixed at somewhat more than $306,000,000. To these official budget figures for armaments have to be added the indirect military expenses on "civilian" accounts—subsidies to armament industries, charges for the building and upkeep of predominantly military railways, roads and other defense undertakings, salaries and pensions for military officers who drill the schoolboys and adolescents at the expense of civilian authorities and, finally, by far the greatest part of the service of the national debt (now amounting almost to $120,000,000 annually), which has been contracted mainly for (though not always with the professed purpose of) armament expenditure. Thus the upkeep of the growing fighting services, as well as funds for their projected extension, will have to be borrowed, just as hitherto. And for 1936-37, the fighting services already are demanding $390,000,000, while total state revenue is not expected to exceed $450,000,000.

Neither is the growth of Japan's industrial strength as natural and healthy as it may appear. These same armaments, on the continuance of which large sections of Japanese industry are dependent for future employment, have been the main impulse of Japan's industrial growth. To this extent, Japan's industrial strides have been paid out of state borrowings, and further employment of these industries can be sustained only by the same means. This creates an additional incentive for the continuance of huge armament expenditure.

The second driving force behind the breathless development of Japanese industry—the amazing increase in exports—has been financed largely out of national losses. For, beneficial though it may have proved for many individual entrepreneurs, the export boom as a whole must have entailed a heavy national sacrifice. The terms of exchange of Japanese raw silk against the American cotton, which makes up the bulk of the trade between the two countries, will make this point clear. During the period 1921-27, Japan sold one pound of raw silk against more than thirty pounds of raw cotton, whereas recently she has had to content herself with getting nearly nine pounds of raw cotton for one pound of her raw silk.

This perhaps is an extreme example of the national losses in actual exchange values that are hidden behind the imposing figures of her increasing total export trade. But in whatever section of her foreign trade one checks her quantitative exchange of merchandise with foreign countries, leaving money out of consideration, one finds that Japan has had to provide more and more units of her goods for a certain unit of imported foreign raw materials, machinery, etc. The increasing need for such foreign supplies, however, especially for armament purposes, is the driving power behind her export boom and its chief *raison d'être*. To export as much and, if necessary, as cheaply as humanly possible, has come to be regarded as a kind of patriotic service. But how was it made feasible? The rationalization of Japanese production, restricted as it is to a few branches of her industry, did not enable Japan to afford such tremendous sacrifices in price. Neither does the depreciation of the yen fully account for them.

It is mainly the continuous pressure on the standard of living of the farming, and at least of a great part of the industrial, communities that has made these sacrifices possible. Just as in Soviet Russia, the peasants of Japan have been made to carry almost the full weight of the country's rapid industrialization. Population pressure in the villages, combined with deliberate economic policy, has obliged them to grow more and more rice and other foodstuffs with the result that, despite the sedulously propagated assertion to the contrary, Japan is virtually self-sufficient as regards food supply. As the traditional agricultural methods have hardly been improved except for the introduction of expensive artificial fertilizer, while more and more marginal land has had to be taken under the hand-drawn plow, and high rents, taxes and interest rates on their fast-growing farm debts have had to be carried by the peasants, the cost of agricultural production has been vastly increased—even without taking into account the intense and prolonged labor of the farmers. Industry, however, needs low food prices in order to be able to pay low wages to the workers. Thus, prices are being kept down to such an extent that the average farmer keeps on working at a deficit—witness his huge average debt of about $400 per family, totaling $1,800,000,000 for the whole of Japan. Thus, Japanese farms have been mortgaged to the utmost by the industrial, arma-

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On the other hand, a visit to a Japanese village will convince anybody that the peasant has not yet begun to share in the benefits flowing from the advance of his country to the "rank of a first-class nation." I once asked an octogenarian farmer who had seen the birth of modern Japan, about the changes that had taken place in his village since that time. Pointing to the one electric lamp in the house, and to the bicycle of his neighbor, he made a deprecatory remark about the cheap, factory-made cotton shirts and pants. As he patted a sack of artificial fertilizer, bought at the risk of increased hardship during the winter, the old man summed up the situation in these words: "Very little—still less that means a real improvement. And since the 'Manchurian Incident,' things are getting worse."

Even in the industrial section of the population a depressed standard of living was the price that many had to pay for Japan's progress in other lines. It is true that since 1914, the average quota per head of the total national income has doubled, but in itself this was a small rise compared with the huge increase in economic activity, the almost fourfold growth of total state expenditure, and the sixfold rise in armament cost. There were only a few groups that had an equivalent benefit from the doubling of national income. "Independent" home and small-scale industries, based on the family system, which continue to be responsible for about half of Japan's exports of manufactured goods, are working under conditions that approach those of the farmers.

In other sections of industry, money wages had made some headway since 1914, and real wages were always reinforced by the price sacrifices of the farmers, as well as the inexpensive style of traditional Japanese living. But since the "Manchurian Incident" and the abandonment of the gold standard at the end of 1931, *i. e.,* since the beginning of the great armament, industrial and export expansion, wages have been gradually falling, while the cost of living has been slowly but steadily rising, so that, since then, the workers' share of Japan's national sacrifice for her recent advance is an average decrease in real wages ranging from 20 to 25 percent.

Together with the farmers, small industrialists and workers, the state is carrying the cost of industrial expansion as well as the losses of a predominantly illusory and sacrificial export boom. For it forgoes the balancing of its financial accounts by means of normal taxation, keeping the latter as low as possible in order to stimulate industry and export trade. The maintenance and, still more, the further expansion of Japanese export trade, and the maintenance of a fair level of employment, are thus dependent to a large degree on an economic policy that is both socially and financially unsound and may gradually become dangerous.

The effective restriction of domestic discord, furthermore, with the revival of some measure of *i. e.,* Chinese fear of Japan, is bound to decrease

financial policy of liberal spending, of abstention from equivalent taxation and, consequently, of boosting the national debt. Thus, and only thus, was unemployment, latent and acute, prevented at least from rising to increasingly dangerous proportions. And, as both the armament and export activities of Japanese industry are being given the aspect of a sacred national struggle against envious foreign rivals, they have to a certain extent assisted the government in deflecting the people's attention from conditions at home which in many respects are frankly unsatisfactory, and in agriculture might justly be described as miserable.

As the unconditional obedience and unquestioning loyalty traditionally given by the Japanese people to their military masters is gradually diminishing under the impact of the industrial revolution, the maintenance of the national spirit becomes more and more dependent on the degree to which sound social progress can be achieved. "National emergency" propaganda alone will not suffice much longer. The driving force of the idea that it is "just that oppressing poverty of the masses which makes armament increases necessary" and that "salvation can only be expected from expansion abroad, based on armed force," has already lost its power over a large part of the population. Manchukuo, which has proved an economic burden instead of the promised relief for Japan, has disillusioned the masses. The prospect of further expansion into North China leaves them at least cold and indifferent. What they want is, first of all, agricultural relief, by means of debt cancellation; cheap farm credits; public works for flood regulation and other improvements, which would greatly reduce the damages from frequently recurring natural calamities; the creation of work for surplus labor in the villages; and assistance for the lower and middle classes in the towns.

All this could be made possible only by more liberal spending in favor of civilian interests on the part of the treasury. The military, aware of the danger which threatens agriculture, their domestic "first line of defense," and afraid of popular animosity arising out of their constant competition with agricultural demands for appropriations, are advocating such a policy—not as an alternative but as a supplement to liberal spending for armaments, and in the long run it may really become necessary. Sound finance is the one thing that the people of Japan cannot and will not stand at present, for it would bring about still greater latent and acute unemployment. Thus, the further prevention of social discord, too, seems to depend on the continuation of unsound financial policy.

Finally, the strong position that Japan enjoys in the arena of foreign politics is, again, to a large extent based on her borrowed military, economic and spiritual strength. Japanese prestige in China,

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at present seems to lie in a possible collapse of Japan's political power from financial causes. And there are other countries, too, that may feel that only such an event might restore the old balance of power in the East.

The armament race started by Japan in the Far East has developed into a financial race. In this contest China could be beaten as easily perhaps as in any other test of strength. But Russia seems, on the other hand, to be deriving more strength than weakness from this breathless exercise. And as Japan is apparently insisting on racing against the naval powers too, in the arena of finance at least, if not perhaps in that of armed strength, she has to stand up against the combined power of two or three huge empires. Actually she is "fighting the whole world," as her military people like to put it in their propaganda pamphlets.

Most of the non-military leaders of Japan, therefore, seem to be quite aware that in the long run Japan's army and navy, her industry and trade, and even her patriotic fighting spirit, as well as her prestige abroad, will really be only as strong as the power of financial endurance behind them. This is why they are so much concerned about the growing financial crisis. And it is why Finance Minister Takahashi recently said: "There is no sense in having excellent equipment for defense if the country is too poor to support an actual war."

Today the crucial question regarding the future of the Far East and of the Pacific is: Can Japan pay the bill?

Tokyo. GUENTHER STEIN.

This is the second of two articles on the present crisis in Japan.—THE EDITORS.

British Press and British Policy

This article was written before the British newspapers had heard about the Hoare-Laval plan. On that one occasion they reasserted their independence. Mr. Brailsford's article suggests a reason for their rebellion—namely, that they had been taught to believe in the high-minded altruism of British policy. They were angry at being disillusioned, but not for long. Already the Foreign Office is reëstablishing its control over the British press.—THE EDITORS.

THE MANAGEMENT of the home press by the British bureaucracy during the Ethiopian crisis has been a performance as expert as it was unobtrusive. Persuasively and with perfect good manners these skilled artists know how to achieve a control over public opinion as absolute as any sagacious dictator would desire. It is done without pressure or threats—of any formal censorship there has been not a trace—yet by these gentle means there was attained a good-natured unanimity that sets one asking whether Hitler and Mussolini are not babes at their trade.

In advance one would not have predicted this unanimity. The Tory press is not spontaneously devoted to the League of Nations. During the Manchurian affair it had been warmly and solidly pro-Japanese, and had then taken its stand not merely against the use of sanctions in that particular case but against the attribution to the League of any coercive power whatever. One would have expected that the Liberal press, which always was attached to the League, would have viewed the sudden and puzzling conversion of the National Government to League principles with wary suspicion. The Labor press, which ought to be a watchdog on the alert for any imperialistic movement, should [illegible]

economic, that underlay this surprising right-about-face.

Nothing of all this happened. The orthodox Tory press, with only a single exception, The Observer, was as ardent as the Liberals for the Covenant and the League. The Liberals not merely forgave the converted prodigal: they forgot his disreputable past. The Labor Daily Herald was throughout the whole prolonged crisis indistinguishable from a government organ. It never nagged: it was never impatient: it followed every movement and every delay in the government's course with unvarying and disciplined approbation. Above all, it never breathed a word about Lake Tsana, or the strategical considerations that link Ethiopia with Egypt and the road to India. The silence over these less idealistic motives was so unbroken, that it is safe to say that from first to last it never entered the head of the average intelligent Englishman that his government could possibly be influenced by any consideration other than a disinterested regard for the Covenant. The silence, indeed, was so absolute that I have heard intelligent Tories blaming Mr. Baldwin for his quixotic altruism. When I suggested to them that the Suez Canal might count for something in his reckonings, they were comforted, indeed, but they were also astonished. The press functions as much by its silences as by its sounds. What it omits to mention does not exist.

To this unanimity there were (with The Sunday Observer) only two exceptions, and those temporary. The popular, reactionary Daily Mail has Fascist sympathies, and was for a time frankly pro-Italian. Like its ally and rival, The Daily Express, it is congenitally isolationist and anti-League. Both are habitually at feud, from their rebellious ultra- [illegible]

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tune and beat the patriotic drum. They were absorbed by the unanimity around them.

How was it managed? By the simple expedient of daily, personal contacts. With infinite patience, a touch of geniality and an affectation of disclosing valuable secrets in strict confidence, the experienced civil servant who has charge of such matters at the Foreign Office would talk without a visible trace of reserve to the editors who called on him. They would quit his rooms convinced that they knew everything that was going on, even behind the doors of the Cabinet. Steadily, he talked of nothing but the Covenant. Vanity forbade that his visitor should suspect that any other motive had been concealed. Each felt himself one of the privileged few.

The perfection of this technique was apparent when the battle fleet was concentrated in the Mediterranean. This was grave and startling news. Such a move would normally have been chronicled with the biggest captions across the principal news page. The public would have suffered a very severe shock, and it is probable that the Labor Party, or at least its rank and file, would have searched its conscience uneasily. This news, if frankly presented, would have suggested even to the simplest reader the possibility of an Anglo-Italian war. For the League had not discussed sanctions at this stage, least of all military sanctions. Unanimously, with disciplined loyalty, the entire press clamped down this news. If it was printed at all, it was in small type, without captions, and in such a form that it read like the usual announcements of the routine movements of warships. Only gradually, days or weeks behind American and European readers, did the British public realize what had happened. The wireless news, needless to say, exhibited equal restraint.

The method followed in this and later cases was as simple as it was distinguished. The three defense ministries set up a joint press bureau, which worked directly with the chief professional organization, the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Day by day the bureau issued bulletins in which every movement of ships or troops was frankly disclosed, the instant an order was given. Nothing was hidden; nothing was delayed. But all this news was marked secret and confidential. Left to himself any alert reporter could have discovered most of it a few hours later. But by this method enterprise was foiled. For the loyal observance of the rule of secrecy the bureau relied on the public-school tradition, dear to every Englishman, but above all to those—and they are numerous—who have failed to enter Eton and Harrow. But there is in the background an economic sanction. The Association negotiates with the railways for the dispatch of the early morning trains that carry the London dailies to the provinces. If for conduct unworthy of Eton and Harrow a newspaper were to be banished from the Association, its provincial circulation would vanish in a day. Thus without coercion a perfect censorship is maintained, which may deny news of vital political importance,

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trouble in this happy island to set up concentration camps? Englishmen are permitted to enjoy freedom of the press, because they are too well drilled to use it.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Sewer

THEY HAD to find work for the men so they decided to put a sewer through the peat swamp and dry it up. They called it reclamation of land or some other hifalutin name in the report to the Relief Administrator, but everybody knew that it was one of those jobs made to keep men from starving, or killing somebody, or holding up a grocery store on Saturday night.

The job changed sponsors a lot but the men didn't care if it was the C.W.A. or the T.E.R.A. or Santa Claus who had it, as long as they got their pay. Every time the job changed hands they lost a few more men and the rest got a cut in salary.

When Jimmy Dugan went up to the foreman with his yellow card, without even looking at it the foreman shook his head.

"Got to go, Jim," he said. "You know, you have to have dependents to keep the job."

"Having a mother of sixty, I guess, is having no dependents. What the hell do they want me to do? Get married so I can get a lousy twelve bucks a week and live in style?"

In the ditch, men in high boots were slushing around in the muck, throwing shovelfuls of slime up on the bank. A few men on top waited with shovels ready to push the stuff back farther so it would not slip back into the ditch, but it only took a couple of minutes to do it, so they stood around and talked until the pile of slush was high.

In the ditch were mostly Italians who had been contract laborers getting good money. They were so used to working with a pick and shovel that it was hard for them to stand around and talk.

"Ready for another length of pipe?" asked the foreman.

Seppe Martinello, who had ten children and used to make good wine in his cellar in the days of the asphalt gang, wiped the sweat from his face with his arm and looked up.

"No, boss. We gotta dig some more. The bottom, she's no good, boss. The pipe buckle."

"I know, but we have no material to put a cradle under it."

The city inspector came up and looked things over. He was a Civil Service man, but they had put him on this work because the city funds were running low.

"How about it?" asked the foreman. "Shall we put it in? The bottom is kind of soft."

"So what? It would take six months to get the material for a cradle and in the meantime they would lay off a bunch of men."

He flipped his cigarette into the ooze.

"I'm the inspector here, but I have noth-

ing to say about the job unless I see something that would endanger someone's life. Now, who the hell would want to come walking around this stinking swamp? And if they did and the pipe buckled a bit, that wouldn't hurt them any. Sure, put it in."

Two Polacks were squatting by the lengths of pipe, playing mumbly-peg and listening to Wilson, who was telling a couple of fellows about the War. He had been shell-shocked and he admitted himself that sometimes he was a little cracked, but he knew more jokes than any other man on the job. The Italians came over and started rolling the pipe down to the ditch, so they all had to get up.

At eleven o'clock the sandwich man came around and they all knocked off to get a bite to eat. You could buy any kind of sandwich, including Western, corned beef and roast beef, for a nickel. Coffee was a nickel too and a good chunk of pie. The sandwich man had wanted to charge ten cents but no one would buy, so he only charged a nickel.

Streck, the fellow who ran the one-cylinder pump, came up and all the men began to kid him.

"Hey, Streck, want some co'ee? Want to take some co'ee to the o'ice?"

Streck had no upper teeth and didn't intend to get any so he didn't mind the kidding.

Zwietzer, the skinny Dutchman, stuffed his fifth sandwich into his mouth and wrinkled his nose.

"The stink of the swamp is ruining my appetite," he complained.

The men drifted back toward the ditches and the pipes. There was only a little time left before lunch, so they didn't do anything, but sat around talking.

A man was paring an apple and he cut his finger and the cry went up for the safety inspector.

"Where the hell is the Doc?"

"Seen the Doc around?"

It wasn't a serious cut, but the men had nothing to do, so they made the most of it. Bill Davie, the safety inspector, was not a doctor but had had a couple of years in med school until the depression hit his family. His title paid only $12 a week but sounded very professional.

But the Doc was not around. He was playing rummy in the shanty with the field party, so somebody finally wound a handkerchief around the finger and that was that.

When the whistles from the far-off factories blew for lunch, the Italians drifted off to the sparse wood at the edge of the swamp to hunt for mushrooms. They always came back with a lot but no one else would eat them.

The Negro gang at the end of the line kept pretty much to themselves because the white gang always pestered the life out of them. They were making more money than they had ever made, even in good times, and they were satisfied. All day long their sudden, high laughter would float across the flats, as if life was a mighty funny thing. Sometimes one of them would start a song and they would all break in and harmonize as if they had been prac-

hour and a few of the other men broke into the game, but most of them were too broke to take chances on losing.

One of the field-party men came over and said that there was a phone call for Young and the cry went up.

"Young on the phone! Hey, Young! On the phone."

And Young ran like the devil to the shanty. A few minutes later, he came out and ran up to the foreman.

"Say boss, I got to go. My wife just had a girl."

The foreman scratched his chin.

"You can go, I guess, but they'll dock you for the time. Stick around for a couple of hours more. The missus probably needs the rest anyway."

"Yeah," said Young thoughtfully, "I guess she could use the extra couple of bucks too."

He turned away frowning, but soon there was a silly grin on his face and he kept muttering to himself. "It's a girl. By heck, it's a girl!"

He already had three boys.

Gobowitz was making a speech. He stood ankle deep in swamp mud, leaning on his shovel and talking earnestly. He wished that some of the comrades could see him thus, addressing workers while he stood with mud oozing around his ankles. Sammy was urging the workers to organize.

When he paused for a moment to let his words sink in, Harvey tapped him on the shoulder.

"Youse foreigners give me a pain," he said. "If you're so smart, why don't you go back where you came from?"

The men laughed and Sammy choked back words of indignation.

"The stupid fools," he thought. "They would live under these conditions for the rest of their lives."

At three, the big gun, Old Man Anderson, came around. He blew his horn when he was still way off, so all the men had time to look busy. He always blew his horn to tip off the men because sometimes he had other big shots with him and it would have looked bad if they found the men asleep at the switch. He was a good skate and the men liked him. He had been an internationally famous engineer until the firm he was with had gone on the rocks. When the relief administration had offered him a job at $40 a week, he was going to blow his brains out, but the next day he took the job.

He never stayed around the job long because it made him sick to look at such rotten work. Once he had a gang made up of an artist, two auto mechanics, a cook, a merchant, a hack driver and a sculptor. The sculptor was good at trimming the edges of the curb and the artist was good at painting park fences, but they were both pretty slow.

Brownlee came over and said, "Mr. Anderson."

"Yes?" He was a gentleman and the men were not afraid to talk to him.

"I got docked two days last week. I. . . ."

Brownlee was embarrassed but the big boss waited

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"You see, my wife died. I couldn't come to work."

"And they docked you two days' pay!"

"Yes. The foreman wanted me to make up the time this week, but they wouldn't let me, at the main office."

"No, you couldn't make it up, Brownlee. The time sheets are in and it would take you a year to trace them down. Did you ever see the inside of one of those offices? Sorry, son, but I'm afraid that I can't help you. Sorry about your wife. . . . "

Brownlee turned away. Mr. Anderson called the foreman and handed him a five-dollar bill.

"Get this into Brownlee's pocket somehow. Put it in his shoes, so he'll find it when he takes off his boots to put them on. And see what you can do about transferring him to another borough. On his application card he is marked as married and they're likely to find out that his wife died. He'll get fired if they do."

Anderson was going to put that five towards a suit, but the old gray one could hold out for a couple of months more. His wife would have a fit.

At four they laid another length of pipe and only the Italians and Dempsey, the gypsy, worked. Dempsey was strong as an ox and he was always looking for a chance to prove it. He grinned through tight lips and the cords of his arms stood out like cables.

The men stood along the ditch, watching the others working but they were not feeling very talkative. About this time they were beginning to weary of the farce. They had the feeling that the muscles in their arms could coil too, if they wanted them to, but what did it get you? You got your three days a week in, and all you needed to keep the job was a couple of kids. Today was their last day for the week and tomorrow they would get the papers and look to see if there were any jobs open. By the time they read the papers and ate breakfast and smoked a cigarette, it would be too late to go out. They would stay around the house puttering and getting the missus all excited and sore, then they would go out and see some of the fellows and have a beer.

When the five o'clock whistles from the factories came to them through the still afternoon air, they walked back to the tool shed with dragging feet and sullen mouths. Only one of them ran ahead with a grin on his face, still muttering to himself.

"It's a girl! By heck, it's a girl!"

He already had three boys.

GEORGES CAROUSSO.

Pole Star for This Year

Where the wheel of light is turned:
Where the axle of the night is
Turned: is motionless: where holds
And has held ancient sureness always:

Where of faring men the eyes
At oar bench at the rising bow
Have seen—torn shrouds between—the Wain
And that star's changelessness: not changing:

There upon that intent star:
Trust of wandering men: of truth
The most reminding witness: we
Fix our eyes also: waylost: the wanderers:

We too turn now to that star:
We too in whose trustless hearts
All truth alters and the lights
Of earth are out now turn to that star:

Liberty of man and mind
That once was mind's necessity
And made the West blaze up has burned
To bloody embers and the lamp's out:

Hope that was a noble flame
Has fanned to violence and feeds
On cities and the flesh of men
And chokes where unclean smoke defiles it:

Even the small spark of pride
That taught the tyrant once is dark
Where gunfire rules the starving street
And justice cheats the dead of honor:

Liberty and pride and hope
And every guide-mark of the mind
That fixed our wandering once has vanished.
This star will not. Love's star will not.

Love that has beheld the face
A man has with a man's eyes in it
Bloody from the slugger's blows
Or heard the cold child cry for hunger—

Love that listens where the good:
The virtuous: the men of faith:
Proclaim the paradise on earth
And murder starve and burn to make it—

Love that cannot either sleep
Or keep rich music in the ear
Or lose itself for the wild beat
The anger in the blood makes raging—

Love that hardens into hate—
Love like hatred and as bright—
Love is that one waking light
That leads now when all others darken.

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Washington Notes

"De Lawd" Townsend Blows a White House Horn —War Plans and Leaders Assayed—Can the Movement Hold Together?

THERE are convincing reports that Dr. Townsend is peacefully confident he can be elected President next autumn. This is almost certainly a delusion—one of the penalties guileless people pay for sudden political success. Every twenty-four hours since the beginning of 1934, Dr. Townsend has spoken to several hundred or thousand people, individually and in the mass, and received from one to five thousand letters. A large proportion of his hearers and correspondents have been people nearing the end of their days, and unless Dr. Townsend and O.A.R.P. (Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd.) can save them, they are done for. Two years of listening to these desperate supplications seems to have forced Dr. Townsend, in his own private cosmos, into the position of "de Lawd" in "Green Pastures," to whom all things are possible.

R. E. Clements, the real-estate operator who was once Dr. Townsend's boss, is reported to be against a presidential adventure. A year ago, on his initial appearance in Washington, Clements was a fumbling amateur in politics but he seems to be learning his new trade rapidly and easily. He and Boyd Gurley, former managing editor of The Indianapolis Times and Pulitzer prize-winner, are supposed to be the authors of the movement's war plan, which is at last reasonably clear. They have no real hope of passing a bill at the coming session unless Congress sits much longer than anyone expects. At the Washington headquarters, the usual phrase is: "If Congress lasts beyond June 1 . . ." In a short session, it would be hard to obtain time on the legislation calendar. The Townsend strategists are also privately doubtful whether they can win over many Congress members before the state primaries next April and May. If they are victorious in the first few of these—and their confidence is unbelievable—they expect to find Congress members jumping to their side in batches. However, now that the date of the Republican national convention is fixed for June 9, Congress is almost certain to adjourn before the effect of the primaries can be felt.

The most interesting part of the war plan is the threat to run independent candidates. Townsend third-party petitions will soon be filed in every congressional district, and as a concession to Dr. Townsend's personal dreams, there may also be petitions for presidential electors. Outside the Pacific Coast States, there are unlikely to be many congressional districts where an independent Townsend candidate could win an outright victory. But wherever there is a close fight between the two old parties, an independent Townsend candidate could probably divert enough votes to decide the election. In most cases he would take votes from the Democratic nominee and throw the election to the Republican. Democrats here are already accusing local Republican organizations of quietly aiding the Townsend forces with th[illegible] supporters are noticeably sensitive [illegible]

it will be unnecessary actually to run candidates. They trust that the mere legal possibility of doing so will force old-party nominees to endorse O.A.R.P.

Last week's triumph in Michigan seems to have been unpremeditated, at least by the higher-ups. At the time of the Republican primaries, two months ago, the local Townsend clubs catechised the aspirants, quite on their own initiative. When Verner W. Main hesitantly committed himself to aid for the old folks, Dr. Townsend dutifully journeyed to Michigan to speak in his behalf. A nation-wide burst of publicity followed. Previously Dr. Townsend had addressed audiences ranging up to sixty thousand, without attracting newspaper notice outside the town where he was speaking. The election made the difference. The Townsend leaders are now waiting for primaries and elections with the same eagerness that a small boy listens for the hoofbeats of Santa's reindeer.

The chief question to be answered about the Townsend movement is whether the five or six thousand Townsend clubs and the Townsend Legion, contributors of a monthly dollar fee, can be held together until next November. Mass movements seem to have a life pattern of their own. For months they run along obscurely. Then, by a sudden quirk, they become the object of national curiosity. Usually the prophet who brought a movement into being is a poor executive and fails to establish discipline among his suddenly acquired following. In a few more months his movement disintegrates. This had already happened with Father Coughlin, and Huey Long's movement, except in Louisiana, probably had passed its peak before his death. Politicians are hopefully saying that the Townsend plan is a fad, and will be forgotten by the voters before spring. Those most familiar with the movement, however, are less certain. They think that it went through its critical period last winter, soon after Dr. Townsend appeared before a House committee and revealed his pitiable ignorance of the plan's implications. A bitter wrangle occurred within the movement, not over Dr. Townsend's economic illiteracy but, as is usual with movements, over money. There were ugly accusations and counter-accusations, some of which are still unanswered. The Townsend convention held in Chicago in October, however, seemed to show that discipline was restored, and the joint rule of Townsend and Clements was absolute.

The Washington offices of the movement—except for a twice-life-sized colored photograph of the doctor in what appears to be a green velvet necktie—resemble those of any well financed business lobby. In charge is a little Scot, a former employee of one of the California branches of Giannini's Bank of America. A check of the thirteen best organized Townsend states shows them to be in the hands of two lawyers, two insurance agents, a retired banker, a retired storekeeper, a physician, a university professor, an orange grower, a politician and three retired preachers. One of the newest state "managers" is Charles Hawks of Massachusetts, father of the flier, Captain Frank Hawks. Partly because of his son's fame, the senior Hawks is immensely respected within the movement. Townsend sup-

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organizers are old Anti-Saloon League men, there seems to be none in Dr. Townsend's immediate circle.

Last week the Social Security Board held a conference of officials from nearly every state to consider ways of hastening federal assistance to state old-age-pension systems. Oregon has just passed an old-age-pension law, and the legislatures of Ohio and Minnesota have similar measures before them. Several of those at the conference took occasion to deny with asperity that their eagerness to start federal funds moving towards the states reflected any uneasiness on the part of the administration about Dr. Townsend.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Very Ancient Game of Promise 'Em Plenty—Lifting Mussolini's Mask—Where Roosevelt Failed

ITALIAN women bring their rings to Italy's cause." "Children give to Il Duce their metal toys to aid in fight against sanctions." Here is the very keynote of the present Italian disaster.

Politicians in peace times practise one technique. They are promisers of abundance. Townsend with his $200-a-month to Uncle Jasper, Huey Long with his "share-the-wealth," are not different from Hoover with his two-chicken pot and his two-car garage or Roosevelt with his "abundant life." Hitler offered the fleshpots to the Germans and Mussolini promised to the spare eaters of Italy full bellies and prosperous days. The peacetime politician appeals to the appetites of his constituents. But all these promisers must come ultimately to grief. Hoover sees the chicken vanish from the pot and the pot itself dissolve into air. Roosevelt's abundant life becomes a vast deficit and 11,500,000 out of work. The same kind of thing has happened to Mussolini. The Italian belly is still empty. The workers are actually worse off. And the regime has been kept afloat on borrowed funds.

Mussolini has borrowed until his external credit is gone. He has borrowed at home until his internal credit is exhausted. He is no longer able to promise things to the Italians. He can no longer appeal to their appetites. He has reached that fatal moment when he must call for sacrifices. He must ask empty stomachs to endure greater emptiness. He must ask Italians not merely to lend more money, but to give up their life savings, their children's toys, their wedding rings. You cannot do this under the psychology of abundance. You must produce in the nation the psychology of sacrifice. And that you cannot do in time of peace. It can be done only in a nation at war.

History teaches this lesson—that dictators and demagogues, when they exhaust the artifices of peacetime promising and can survive only on a stream of national sacrifices, turn inevitably and of necessity to war. And the reason for war can always and readily be found. If Mussolini were not at war with Ethiopia he would still be at war with nature and the laws of economics. He would still have to in Ethiopia. But whether the war ends quickly or drags on for a long time, that other enemy of the skidding Caesar—the grim laws of economics—goes on nibbling at his regime of tinsel and dust.

We have a party that believes in spending borrowed money for relief. We have a party that believes in cutting out spending. What we need is a party that believes in spending and getting the money by taxation. That's the territory into which a third party must move.

The G.O.P. carries on a vendetta against Roosevelt for spending. But in the first congressional by-election the Republicans elect a congressman pledged to spend $21,000,000,000 a year on Townsend old-age pensions. And Colonel Knox, the presidential candidate and editorial denouncer of Roosevelt spending, advocates immediate payment of the $2,000,000,000 soldiers' bonus.

I learn from my New Republic that General Sherrill, former Ambassador to Turkey and American member of the International Olympic Committee, told an Italian society in New York that he "wished to God Mussolini would come over here and have a chance to do that same thing." For those who would like to know what that same thing is, I suggest reading George Seldes' astonishing book, "Sawdust Caesar." Here is an account of the Italian dictator's early life, his rise to power and the fruits of his regime. It is the carefully documented, factual, yet dramatic history of one of the most astonishing interludes in the progress of civilization, written by a man who has apparently spared no effort to get all the facts. Having read that, the reader should then do himself the service of reading what "that same thing" is in Germany as reflected in the pages of Ernst Henri's "Hitler Over Europe," published last year, but now more than ever relevant because of the rise of tolerance in America for the philosophies of these two enemies of mankind. These two books should find their way into the dollar series as quickly as possible. It would be better if they were made available in paper covers at the minimum price at the earliest moment. And better still if Mr. Henri and Mr. Seldes could be induced to condense them for publication into little fifteen-cent volumes, thus putting them within the reach of everyone.

An old and dear friend writes me a little comment on the piece I produced here a few weeks ago about the failure of the Roosevelt administration and the plight of the liberals. It is the best statement of the case for Roosevelt that could be made. It is, indeed, difficult to disagree with it save in one simple point. Here it is:

> You say nothing has been accomplished by the New Deal. I know what you mean, yet probably there have been a few small advances. Facts have been brought out about the ways of big business; at least some people have been brought to see the power issue in its true light; there has been a start toward more intelligent use of land, a fundamental need; reforestation has been talked about, if nothing more; the rich have, to some extent been put on the defensive and their long rule

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not much when one thinks of what might have been. You are right in thinking the Perfect Disaster has not been used fully. We had the chance to accomplish vast things, but first efforts were to restore the old system with some modifications, and now the old system is rearing its head aggressively. If this temporary prosperity lasts another year, as probably it will, the old system will ride right back into most of its old power. None the less, a few advances have been made. We have taken a step or two along a road that is a thousand miles long. My own disappointment is keen. I wish there were a liberal party to which we might go, but there is not and will not be one in 1936. The choice will be between the New Deal and the Old Guard of Finance. As you see it, that means no choice at all. But why are the big money boys so mad? They hate the New Deal worse than they ever hated anything else. It must be that they see in it some danger to their own luxurious and dishonest ways.

The one point of error in this simple, yet eloquent, presentation of the matter, is the playing down of the essential importance of the Perfect Disaster. They come so seldom. Taking just a few steps along a thousand-mile road, when a Perfect Disaster opens the entire highway to travel, is failure.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

The Associated Press Gets a Scoop—Craft Unionists as Dictators—The War Department Issues Riot Instructions

THE Associated Press, originally organized as a duck-hunting club and now the leading news service of the country, informed the government last week that the "pretended" National Labor Relations Act is not "in truth and fact a law." The Associated Press has this on the excellent advice of the eminent legal firm of which John W. Davis, who works for the Liberty League on the side, is a member. No doubt this opinion will constitute real news to the hundreds of members of Congress who probably thought—erroneously, of course—that they had the power, when they passed the Wagner labor-disputes bill, to legislate for the people of the United States, including the people of the Associated Press. Perhaps when Congress meets a few weeks hence, it should first consider whether it is really worth while going through all the motions of debate and law-making only to learn later from the clients of John W. Davis that such procedure is utterly meaningless.

The Associated Press is anxious to clear these matters up because it is charged at the moment with violating the alleged National Labor Relations Act. It is charged with firing Morris Watson, vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild, because of his activities in behalf of the Guild. What mainly worries the Associated Press, of course, is not that Mr. Watson, an employee of seven years and a newspaper man of recognized ability, was discharged, but that the alleged National Labor Relations Act allegedly takes away "liberty" and "property" without due process and, heaven forbid, abridges the "freedom of the A. P." inately. The brief is really a honey all the way through and doesn't miss a single trick. It even claims that the A.P. is not in interstate commerce, though it serves more than 1,300 newspapers located in all the states of the union and though its employees are constantly sent back and forth across state lines.

The Watson case will clearly be a crucial test of the Labor Relations Act, not only because it involves one of the most powerful employer groups—the newspaper publishers—but because a victory for the labor board would establish a genuinely useful meaning of the term interstate commerce. Certainly if the Supreme Court should hold that the Associated Press is not engaged in interstate commerce, the law would have little meaning except perhaps for the fraction of workers employed in transportation.

However, two other cases have already been heard and decided by the labor board and may reach the Supreme Court first. In the case of the Greyhound Bus Lines, the board ordered the company to abandon a company union and to reinstate with back pay five employees dismissed for union activities. There can be little doubt that the Greyhound company, controlled by a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is engaged in interstate commerce, but a Supreme Court decision upholding the board might not necessarily benefit workers in industry. The test of that point may come through the case of the Fruehauf Trailer Company of Detroit, the second and only other case so far decided by the board. The decision ordered the Fruehauf company to cease employing private detectives to spy on the union activities among its workers and to reinstate with back pay seven employees who, the board found, had been discharged for union activity.

The split between the industrial and craft unionists in the A.F. of L. is widening steadily. It is now reported that the Federation, dominated by the craft unions, may ask Congress to amend the National Labor Relations Act in such a way as to compel the labor board to acknowledge the jurisdictions of these unions whenever it is asked to recognize an industrial union as the appropriate unit for collective bargaining. It is improbable that Congress will accede to this request; the craft unions attempted to get a similar provision written into the Guffey Coal Act and failed. The fact, however, that they are willing to abandon all principles of democracy and to attempt to force their form of organization on workers who want industrial unions reveals most clearly their frame of mind. This is reflected even more pointedly in a recent editorial of The Bricklayer, Mason and Plasterer, official publication of the union of that name. Speaking of the advocates of industrial unionism as "wild-eyed radicals," the editorial declares that the craft unions must "go out and fight. They must treat the interloper, parading as an industrial unionist, just as they would treat any other interlopers, be they called rats, scabs or other loathsome but descriptive terms." If such sentiments are aroused by a simple educational campaign, what will the craft unionists say and do when John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization actually go out and take an active role in organizing the mass-production workers?

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the militia, the commanding officer could always explain to an aroused public that it was an accident, that he had ordered his men to shoot over the heads of the strikers, that he regretted the incident, etc. But now that the War Department has issued its latest instructions on "military aid to civil authorities," such pussyfooting is distinctly out of order. For among these instructions, which appear in a little manual called "Domestic Disturbances," one finds the following blunt advice: "Blank cartridges should never be used against a mob, nor should a volley be fired over the heads of the mob even if there is little danger of hurting persons in the rear. Such things will be regarded as an admission of weakness, or as an attempt to bluff, and may do much more harm than good."

At the same time that this advice to "shoot to kill" receives the endorsement of the War Department, it is worth noting that the use of the National Guard and state police in labor disputes—chiefly to break strikes—is becoming more common each year. The Labor Research Association, which keeps track of such developments, reports as follows: in 1933, troops were used in fourteen labor struggles in eleven states; in 1934, they were called out twenty-one times in eighteen states; and so far this year, though there have been fewer strikes, they have been employed twenty-two times in fifteen states. If this trend continues, it may not be long before the thugs and gangsters who make up the private armies of professional strikebreakers (usually referred to as "armed guards" and "loyal workers" in the press) are put out of business.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Massachusetts Writers' Project

SIR: I note that in a letter from Myriam Sieve published in your issue of December 4 I am quoted as having told a committee representing the Writers' and Artists' Union of Massachusetts to "register for relief in spite of the May 31 ruling, implying that such harmful red tape should not be allowed to stand in the way."

This is not, as a matter of fact, a correct report of what I told this committee, which called at my office several weeks ago. This delegation explained to me that many unemployed needy writers eligible for relief had not been able to get on to the relief rolls because in Massachusetts there had been no more registering of applicants for relief after May 31.

I very carefully explained to Mr. Smith, spokesman of the committee, that I had no authority to change the regulations under which the Federal Writers' Projects operated, and could not put writers who were not on relief as of November 1 on our Writers' Projects. The only statement I authorized for quotation was to the effect that the Massachusetts situation with regard to registration was, it appeared to me, exceptional; that in other states with whose procedure I was familiar registration of applicants for relief had continued up to November 1. But I emphasized the fact that I had no authority to make any exemptions in favor of Massachusetts writers on account of the peculiar situation there.

HENRY G. ALSBERG,
Washington, D. C. Director, Federal Writers' Projects.

SIR: There is a slight misunderstanding on Dr. Alsberg's part, the quotation not having been made to our delegation at Washington, but to Robert Allen and Charles Flato representing the Artists' and Writers' Union when Dr. Alsberg met with them in Boston early in October. Dr. Alsberg welcomed the Union's efforts to make available to the project qualified needy writers. On his suggestion, the Union went ahead registering writers, and it is to be regretted that red tape strangled the arrangement.

The central issue, however, remains: more jobs must be made available for writers in Massachusetts, the present allotment being not only in the opinion of the Union but also in Dr. Shipton's, woefully inadequate for a state as large, diversified in interest, and as historically important as Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts situation, we feel, has not been fully and fairly explained to Dr. Alsberg. A disproportionate number of teachers and social workers are employed on the writers' project. A large number of qualified, needy writers are unable to obtain employment. Had Dr. Alsberg apprehended the real situation here, he would not have ordered the project allotment in the state reduced from 490 to 300; rather, he would have be clear to realistically minded persons—Dr. Alsberg numbers among them since he declares the situation "exceptional"—that a special ruling must be made for Massachusetts, and that needy writers who were denied the opportunity of registering be allowed to do so. . . .

Boston, Mass. MYRIAM SIEVE.

Realism Among Pacifists

SIR: So often, during these difficult post-war years, the plea for a united peace movement has been heard in the United States. As American peace lovers looked abroad, especially at the unified British peace movement, a sigh of envy was wont to arise and the prophecy was made that such unity would be impossible in this broad land. Here, the disjointed peace efforts by organizations and individuals were the target for ridicule in many magazines, newspapers and radio broadcasts. The many and obvious deficiencies were unrelentingly emphasized and except for the too roseate peace publications, no presentation of the constructive peace work in the United States has been described. When such an outstanding editor as Bruce Bliven falls into the same trough of despond, it is time that some facts were presented to the public.

As an outgrowth of the ill fated Interorganization Council on Disarmament, there was started, two years ago, a much broader grouping of organizations interested in the development of friendly international relations (notice, I did not confine the group to peace groups only), called the National Peace Conference. It was and is a purely coöperative group of delegates representing twenty-eight national organizations. During these trying years of learning to subdue the individual to the needs of the movement, much has been accomplished. First, a realization that out of free discussion and frank presentation of varying views, a workable compromise can be reached which can and does direct the peace stand of the member organizations. Second, a statement of principles essential to the maintenance of peace, drawn up by these delegates, contains this paragraph: "The abolition of war is not only an end in itself but it is also the means to the attainment of certain objectives. Economic security cannot be permanently obtained while war recurs to disrupt international relations and the requirements of war dictate unsound economic policies. Social and economic justice cannot be firmly established so long as the war system, holding human life cheap, continues to be tolerated. . . . National economic policies must be brought into harmony with the fact of world interdependence and must contribute to the development of accompanying world institutions." These and other statements, purposely stated in general terms so that all shades and peace convictions can meet on a common ground, precede six policies which are evolved principles. These policies include

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Grant: Captive President

TO THOSE who believe in a science of history, General Grant is both a convenient and a significant hero. He acquired power and glory, he presided over momentous events, without genius and without a plan. You find, once more, history providing the plan, for a Grant as for a Napoleon I. Mr. William Hesseltine's richly factual biography[1] is the most valuable account we have of our nineteenth-century Ulysses as President. It says its best for him, but the evidence it brings is unsparing. You see the lion of Vicksburg, the conqueror of Lee, in terror of Mrs. Grant and hiding his state papers from her by night. You see the hero and the fool in him: the kind father, the loyal friend, the helpless victim of flatterers and inside-thieves; you see him ever obstinate and ever indecisive; dignified and slothful; now indolent and now roused to fury; but always no more than half-intelligent and no wiser than the mythical man-in-the-street. Essentially he was comic; not one of Plutarch's citizen-soldiers, but rather a character out of nineteenth-century satire, by Trollope or Mark Twain. His mediocrity was symptomatic, and typified the general quality of the Reconstruction statesmen here, as it did in almost equal degree that of the canting political hypocrites of Queen Victoria's bourgeois kingdom or of the Second Empire.

It was Grant's misfortune, this biographer remarks, that he came upon the national scene at a moment of transition, when a transfer of authority "from the lords of the manor to the lords of capital" was taking place. The era that was emerging assumed "a strange character" which concealed "its more solid virtues." One might go further and say that it was a time of gigantic events and little men, that Grant and his shabby retinue were engaged in doing the "dirty work" of history and had no time, as Henry Adams has remarked, to understand it. But for this very reason it was imperative that the historian should understand, that he take up his enterprise with an organized conception of the ponderable forces shaping the society of the period—for his own guidance as well as for the eye of the reader. Thus he might have avoided losing himself, and even boring himself as he does at times, in myopically perceived, day-by-day chronicles of political flotsam and jetsam.

In its defects as in its virtues, "Ulysses S. Grant: Politician" (the latest volume in the series of works on American political leaders edited by Professor Allan Nevins) is fully typical of what may be called the Nevins school of American biography. As in the other volumes, there is evidence of tremendous, molelike search for facts, especially for fresh documents. The biography of Grant is outstanding in this respect, both for the abundance and for the pertinence of its new material bearing upon the wonderfully elaborate American political game. Here the facts themselves occupy the attention of the reader, as they did before romanticized history became an article of commerce; and this tendency is most desirable after such a spate as we have had of the Hello-General-Grant stories, with their mixture of journalistic fancy, fake dialogue and psychological nonsense. Yet, in these academic works, which succeed somehow in being both "objective" and timorous, there is but the glimmer of historical perspective, there is no genuine effort to relate the subject and material treated to that which precedes and follows and that which determines. The disasters and scandals of the epoch are seen simply as so many accidents. Corruption is regarded, not as the norm, but as a regrettable departure from the precepts of Holy Writ. The qualities of "courage" or "honesty" in office are noted with satisfaction when they (rarely enough) occur, as if their extension would have made any appreciable difference in the face of the massive needs, demands, importunities of the great social transition, the economic revolution then going forward. In the case of Grant, we are shown often and again how the President is obliged to replace an official who is little better than a pickpocket; then after renewed scandal the recent appointee is supplanted by another politician who soon shows himself to be nothing less than a bandit. Yet Mr. Hesseltine repeatedly fails to remark the most salient fact about all this saturnalia of plunder: that there is system here and not a succession of accidents.

The system, of course, was the biggest thing that happened to Grant as President. It made the hero of Appomattox its captive from the very beginning. It guided his every step, ordered every measure of state. The title of his biography might well have been: "Ulysses Grant, Captive of the Republican Party Organization."

The party of Lincoln emerged from the madness of war as a band of military conquerors. Uniting with the Northern business interests, they erected a powerful bureaucracy which itself was semi-military. They formed here the party of Law and Order, much like the parties that were coming into power in France and Germany after the great European upheavals of 1848 and 1871. Here too everything that was done for the defense of great property interests and for the limitation of democratic "excesses," was done in the name of patriotism, as it may be done again tomorrow.

On the surface, however, the more obvious and simple forms of corruption or blackmail practised under Grant's presidency represented an inefficiency that persisted for years. Then, too, the strife among the chieftains of the inner circle was often calamitous. It would take a decade after Grant for these weaknesses to be eliminated, while the party organization grew more centralized, more hierarchic and more efficient in pursuing the interest of the strongest class in the country. It is only toward 1896 that the party of Lincoln and Grant, under unified command, became a magnificent instrument of class domination.

For the historic purpose of such a party and movement, Grant, despite his stupidity, served well. He appeared to preside, but actually was ruled. Mr. Hesseltine believes that the Soldier-President underwent a certain growth in knowledge of professional politics, just as he did earlier in the science of war. But the only growth of which there are signs here is toward a more complete capitulation to the most "practical" and ruthless of his party leaders. Literally he became, in the end, their silent partner in the crimes for which his regime is chiefly remembered. Thus our Ulysses earned again in peace, and in the obverse sense, his nickname of the battlefields: "U[illegible]

[1] Ulysses S. Grant: Politician, by William B. Hesseltine. New York: Dodd, Mead and Compan[illegible]

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Mary Vorse Remembers

A Footnote to Folly, by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 407 pages. $3.

MRS. VORSE has been the war correspondent of the labor movement in the United States. In the midst of her preoccupation with three generations of family life, and her career as a writer on which this family depended for bread, and in spite of the dislocation of war, which took her to Europe for long periods, she succeeded in being on nearly all the active fronts of the labor struggle for the decade 1912 to 1922—the Lawrence strike of 1912, the Mesaba strike of 1916, the attempt to wipe out the I.W.W. by frame-up in court and killing in the street, the Palmer raids, the steel strike of 1920, the Amalgamated lockout, the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti, the children's crusade in behalf of the wartime prisoners. In addition Mrs. Vorse gives an account of the Women's Peace Movement of 1915, of the warring countries in that year, of Europe after the Armistice, from England to the Balkans, and of Russia in the year of the great famine. Especially enlightening are her impressions of the revolutions in Italy and Hungary before those movements were suppressed in blood and terror by Mussolini and Horthy.

Mrs. Vorse was fortunate through her ability as a writer in gaining access to important magazines, while working in the labor movement, sometimes acting as organizer, and writing for the labor press. She was thus able to compel interest and sympathy for the worker from an indifferent and even hostile audience. And writing for this audience made her a responsible journalist, developed her power of persuasion, and taught her the value of moderation, of understatement. Her record of the atrocities of modern life, of all the evil done under the sun in that terrible decade, is factual and restrained. Now and then a comment has a note of bitter but salutary truth, as when, in speaking of wartime hysteria, she says: "One group of people tortured another. The suppressed hatred and sadism of the frustrated was unloosed in the name of patriotism. War unloosed the idealism and heroism of a generous people, but it unloosed them for destruction."

Upon the reader, however, the effect is of a deep and purging indignation. Those who followed events in those years will recall, and it will be good for them to recall, the cold cruelty of the Lawrence mill owners, refusing to let the children of the strikers be sent to other cities to be fed, the crafty cynicism of Judge Landis in procuring the indiscriminate conviction and sentence of over a hundred victims of patriotic rabies on the charge, not always proved, of being members of the I.W.W., the fanatical ferocity of A. Mitchell Palmer introducing illegal methods into the Department of Justice, the sickening duplicity of Hoover using the power given him in the name of humanity to betray the cause of a better world in Europe—the very cause for which we fought.

Another grateful aid to recollection is Mrs. Vorse's Who's Who of the labor leaders of those years—Frank Tannenbaum, Bill Haywood, Ettor, Giovanitti, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Sidney Hillman. Her portrait of little Ann Craton in the organizing campaign for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is charming, and memorable is that of William Z. Foster in his direction of the great steel strike, of whom she says: "He was probably the ablest labor organizer this country has ever known." Through the movement, imperialism, war, she was all the time writing about children. "For when you come down to it, the labor movement is about children and about homes. In the last analysis, civilization itself is measured by the way in which children will live and what chance they will have in the world." This is the theme of the book. Always in a strike, a war, a famine, Mrs. Vorse touches the essential human interest through the child. There are a score of pictures of children, en masse, as at the New Year's party on the East Side of New York during the Amalgamated lockout, or starving together at Samara; and as individuals, such as the homeless Milorad Bachinin, "a symbol of all the children of Serbia—a silent accusation of the children against war"; or six-year-old Gene Benefield on his way to Washington to ask for his father's release from prison. When asked, "What do you play when you are at home?" he replied, "I pick cotton and I chop cotton." It is this theme of childhood that gives its pathetic beauty to this book, and determines its mood—that of abounding compassion.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Mountain View

From Death to Morning, by Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THERE is, in this book of shorter pieces by Mr. Thomas Wolfe, one story, called "Gulliver," that might well serve as an introductory preface to all his work. It is a simple story, done with a sharp sense of humor, describing how it feels to be—as Mr. Wolfe is—a very tall man. From it we get a sense of the oneness, the isolation, that Mr. Wolfe undoubtedly has. This physical uniqueness of Mr. Wolfe (and he is not, as Mr. Ernest Hemingway says, sad like Carnera) seems to have aroused the conviction that the same uniqueness extends to his emotional and intellectual adventures—or, as it seems in "Of Time and the River," so universal an experience as riding on a train. "In an extraordinary way," writes the author, "a tall man comes to know things about the world as other people do not, cannot, know them."

The stories in this book, with two or three exceptions, are all rooted in Mr. Wolfe's conviction of his own special quality, his own uniqueness. It is testimony of his unusual talent that he manages, even in those pieces which do not quite succeed ("The Bums at Sunset," for example, and "The Men of Old Catawba"), to invest them with a character that is, unquestionably, unique. Only in the broadest sense of the word are most of them short stories. Save for pieces like "Gulliver" and, perhaps, "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn," they might easily have been introduced into Mr. Wolfe's novels. "Death the Proud Brother," for example, is easily identified as a fragment from "Of Time and the River," and "The Face of the War" and "The Web of Earth" could well have been part of "Look Homeward, Angel."

I do not mean to say, however, that Mr. Wolfe is serving left-over fare. He is continuing the description of the world as it looks from the strange and lonely mountain-top of six feet six. What he sees excites him (the ability to become excited is one of the main sources of his power) and sometimes he must pour out his excitement in hymns and chants. "From Death to Morning" gains its chief distinction from those pages of dithyrambic declamation that resemble the hymns to America and to October contained in "Of Time and the River." Rejoicing, Mr. Wolfe can make us rejoice

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A Story Teller's Story

From the Kingdom of Necessity, by Isidor Schneider. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER'S new book is the story, told as a novel but admittedly largely autobiographical, of a Jewish boy named Isaac Hyman, born in Poland but early brought to this country, whose childhood and adolescence were spent first in the lower and later in the upper East Side of Manhattan, but always in grinding poverty; of his growth, of his life in that environment, of the development of his consciousness, of his struggles to become a writer. The book has received a good deal less than critical justice. With remarkably few exceptions, merely to state the theme of the book was, for the daily reviewers, to dismiss it. It followed a well known curve, a familiar pattern; it fell into the same category as Mike Gold's "Jews Without Money," Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep," etc. It told, in short, the same old story. Next day, Faith Baldwin's latest, or perhaps Ellen Glasgow's, was discussed exhaustively, with no hint that formulas, patterns or well known curves were anywhere discernible. One concludes that predilections, and not critical appraisals, were being registered.

At any rate, and putting aside the question whether or not so rich a subject artistically as this treats of can be so quickly exhausted, I must say that the reviews I read gave me an entirely wrong impression of the book. It has its faults, undeniably. Frankly revolutionary in his own sympathies, Mr. Schneider spends a good deal of time in preparing the way for his protagonist's conversion to the same doctrine. But the full working out of this is apparently left for a second volume, not yet in print, and what emerges as the climax of this one is instead the account of young Hyman's successful love and marriage. There is thus an emotional shift here that is a little disturbing. But this theme, once begun, is carried through superbly, and the whole story of the boy's adolescent dreams of love, and his first essays against a background of bitterness and poverty, and his final fulfilment, is told with a truly poetic tenderness and insight.

Another fault, and one that seems common to books in which reminiscence is the author's chief inspiration, is that the characters nearest to him in time are, paradoxically, the least well realized, so although the early chapters are alive with vivid characterizations, many of the personages in the latter half of the book are by contrast a little wooden and incompletely drawn. There is also a tendency on Mr. Schneider's part, particularly in the account of his subject's university life during the war years, to let debate take the place of conflict, so that his characters are left merely talking about themselves, at times a little aimlessly, when straight description would have been more concise and effective.

But these are, after all, minor faults when one considers the sweep and scope of the book as a whole. Mr. Schneider combines a profound poetic feeling with a remarkable gift for what might be called episodic narration, and since the structure of the book is loose and its flavor definitely autobiographical, he has been able to exploit both these qualities to the utmost, shifting from the main thread of his narrative to individual portraits, and then illuminating them with anecdotes; describing scenes, personages, episodes until not only Isaac Hyman and the Hyman family but the occupants of the tenement where they lived and indeed the whole teeming neighborhood come alive, and surrounding the central characters; and even such minor personages as Meltzer the landlord, and Favel the pagan, and Miss Updike the oppressively angelic teacher—indeed, too many to be mentioned here—remain unforgettably in the mind.

It is a hard, bitter, ugly life he writes about, a life so cruelly beset by oppressive forces, so degraded by filth and poverty and wretchedness as to force those who must submit to it almost below human levels. But Mr. Schneider's personal philosophy and his own understanding are broad enough to encompass them, and the result is a book of undeniable emotional power and great social value. It is easy to understand that for some, to whom perhaps the mere mention of the conditions it portrays is a little distasteful, the appeal of such a book is quickly exhausted. There are many others who feel that more, and not less, of such writing is needed.

ROBERT M. COATES.

The Galaxy of Lees

The Lees of Virginia, by Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 467 pages. $3.75.

A HISTORY of the Lees has been long overdue. Mr. Hendrick's admirable book is in every respect a worthy companion to Mr. James Truslow Adams' history of the Adams family. After reading them both, one is hard put to it to decide which is the better book, or which family, the Lees or the Adamses, was the more "distinguished." The Adamses rose later than the Lees, and their services to the country continued longer; but, from 1650 for six generations, the Lees took a decisive part first in the affairs of Virginia and then in our national politics. Not the least interesting feature of Mr. Hendrick's narrative is the insistence upon the remarkable sympathy between the Stratford Lees and the Adamses, particularly Samuel and John —a coalition that, it is hardly too much to say, ensured the success of the Revolution.

On this question Mr. Hendrick has done new and original work. The success of the Revolution depended upon our success abroad. For the first time the chief agent of that success, Arthur Lee, younger brother to Richard Henry, receives justice from an historian: it has been supposed that Franklin won the aid of France, but we now know, thanks to Mr. Hendrick, that Lee, through Vergennes and his fantastic emissary Beaumarchais, made a secret alliance with France, and that even before this alliance he had maneuvered Spain into sending munitions and money to America. The cloud that Arthur Lee was under for more than a century has been lifted—to descend where it belongs, upon Silas Deane and other "patriots" who used their diplomatic positions to make private fortunes, when they were not actually betraying their country.

In the galaxy of Lees—Arthur, William, Richard Henry (who missed the authorship of the Declaration of Independence because he was too "radical") and Robert Edward their younger cousin—perhaps the most appealing figure was "President" Thomas Lee (1690-1750), the builder of Stratford, president of the Council of Virginia, an almost hereditary body of rulers, and the first Virginian to understand the importance of the West. Indeed Mr. Hendrick argues well that these democratic Lees were alone in their time in striving for an independent nation. The British politicians saw that the opening [illegible]

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the Revolution, and he gives to the Lees the major credit for their early insight into the problem.

The Lees were a colonial family: the Adamses, who came of a society where commerce dominated the farm, were distinctly more modern, and better prepared than the Lees to survive the colonial era. It is significant that the only great Lee of the post-Revolution period was a man who had no interest in politics and even less understanding —this in spite of Mr. Hendrick's discovery of profound political views in the great general. I very much fear that Mr. Hendrick sees in Lee's dislike of slavery a profundity of political insight: it was a good thing to dislike, but no one could accuse Garrison of profundity. It is curious that Mr. Hendrick's grip upon his theme loosens the nearer he gets to our time. He believes that the history of the Lees forms a charming episode in a remote and, I presume, irrecoverably romantic past.

ALLEN TATE.

Epithalamium

A Marriage Manual: A Practical Guide Book to Sex and Marriage, by Hannah M. and Abraham Stone. New York: Simon and Shuster. 345 pages. $2.50.

"MARRIED travelers," said Balzac, "are in need of a pilot and a compass." This is even truer of Anglo-Saxon peoples than of the French, since our Protestant *mores* have heaped a contumely upon sex under which we might still be laboring but for Sigmund Freud. Of the various books that have attempted to instruct the married and the soon-to-be-married in the physiological and psychological technic of cohabitation, this book by the Drs. Stone seems to me the soundest from a medical point of view, as well as being for the most part free from sentimentality.

The authors are eminently qualified to write such a book, since they have advised some thousands of patients on contraceptive and other problems relating to marital adjustment. The counsel and instruction they give, on the biology of marriage, the mechanism of reproduction, the prevention of conception, the problems of reproduction, the art of marriage, sexual disharmonies and health in marriage, should be of service to large numbers of men and women who have not read widely on the subject.

Since the book contains so many clearly stated facts for which young people—despite the talk of their sophistication —are still groping, I could wish that at every point the authors spoke the language and apprehended the thoughts of the younger generation. Their statement for instance that virginity is still considered almost a *sine qua non* in a bride should be qualified, since enlightened young men today do not demand it, while the conventional ones are hardly so insistent as their fathers were. I question, too, the author's assumption that pre-marital sexual relations must necessarily be "casual" and "promiscuous," unless there is some such semi-binding set-up as Judge Lindsay's companionate marriage.

Finally, I could wish that the Drs. Stone had realistically recognized that the average married couple, no matter how perfect their early adjustment, do not go to their graves as ardent sexual companions. It is unfortunate that neither this book, nor any of the other manuals that I know of, gives any counsel on the possibilities of adjustment when the partners no longer arouse each other's libido.

points which do not detract from

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Tomorrow's Poets

Trial Balances, edited by Ann Winslow. New York: The Macmillan Company. 241 pages. $2.

HOW FAR this anthology is representative of the younger American poets it is not for an Englishman to say. The editor seems conscious of lack of unity in the volume, and its value is lessened because she has tried to present "all poetic tendencies current among the verse writers who are from twenty to twenty-five years old," ignoring the fact that all poetic tendencies are not equally important.

Of the thirty-two poets included, half a dozen stand head and shoulders above their fellows, who for the most part have no poetic personality. The level of their verse is competent, an adequate pastiche of the Georgians or such minor metaphysical poets as Carew, but it makes no impact on the reader. The merit of the volume is that it may introduce to a wider audience the work of Alfred Hayes, T. C. Wilson, W. R. Moses, Elizabeth Bishop, Reuel Denney—whose poem, "The Hammerthrow," has the singing quality of Spender's verse—Kerker Quinn and Muriel Rukeyser. Of these, Hayes seems the most mature. His theme is the condition of the workers and the workless, the crowds that may be seen any morning hanging about the employment agencies on Sixth Avenue. He writes with authority; "the poetry is in the pity"; and his lines have Wilfred Owen's weight and strength:

> The old man's home no work and we—
> Shall we squat out our days in agencies?
> Or peddling socks shoelaces ties?
> We wrench green grassblades up with sudden hands
> The falling sun is doubled in our asking eyes.

Appended to the work of each poet is the opinion upon it of a well known poet or critic. These papers are interesting if only because they show the confusion and lack of standards in criticism today. Many of them function at no higher level than that of the publisher's blurb, and the critics who attempt criticism—Marianne Moore, Babette Deutsch, William Carlos Williams, Allen Tate, Horace Gregory—stand out as far above the others as the significant poets do above verse writers of undergraduate exercises. The volume as a whole proves that there are some new talents in American poetry. It does not try to prove much else.

WALTER ALLEN.

An Encyclopedist of Science

A History of Science, Technology and Philosophy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, by A. Wolf. New York: The Macmillan Company. 719 pages. $7.

HERE IS a work that may honestly be described as monumental. Professor Wolf (of the University of London) has set himself the task of surveying the entire field of man's scientific and technical achievements from the dawn of history to the twentieth century, and the present volume—although complete in itself—is the first instalment. For appropriate parallels to such an encyclopedic effort one must fall back on George Sarton's "Introduction to the History of Science" and on Lynn Thorndike's huge "History of Magic and Experimental Science."

The period under review ushers in modern science, the

physics and mechanics; mathematics, magnetism, chemistry and geology; geography, exploration and map-making; the biological sciences and medicine; psychology, the social sciences and philosophy—which the author, significantly, places last. Throughout, the method is to take the greatest names in each field and to combine the biographical with the technical in such a manner as always to bring out the major preoccupation of science, as a discipline, with facts and their measurement. (Professor Wolf firmly disagrees with the pronouncement of Eddington, who views science as a "recoil from rationalism," medieval or other.) And from beginning to end the narrative is supported by an astonishing wealth of diagrams, contemporary portraits and old prints.

Very notable—and a sign of the times—is Professor Wolf's generous treatment of technology, which is here discussed chiefly with reference to agriculture and textiles, architecture and building; mines, metallurgy (this was the epoch of the versatile Bauer, known as Agricola) and the rise of the steam engine. Honorable mention must be made also of a revealing section on the social sciences of the period. Here many of us will learn for the first time of the pioneer actuarial and statistical researches of John Graunt, Sir William Petty and Gregory King. All of these men helped to lay the foundations of our present methods in dealing with problems of population, housing and the family. A number of contemporary tables giving family budgets of various groups—from "Temporal Lords" to "vagrants"—shows how much, or how little, times have changed in three hundred years, on the basic issue of social security.

It is to be regretted that so few of those who can appreciate this volume—to say nothing of those yet to come—will be able to afford it, or even to consult it outside the larger libraries of the country.

HAROLD WARD.

Books in Brief

Autobiography, by John Cournos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 352 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

IN A SENSE John Cournos' "Autobiography" is the second record of his life. He has already written a trilogy that is a veiled history of his youth and manhood. Like the John Gambarov of his first three novels, Cournos came to Philadelphia after living his first ten years in the solitude of a small village near Kiev, Russia. The painful struggle of having to assist his poverty-stricken family filled the adolescent with a bitterness that was later to turn him into a sort of mystical rebel. A strong feeling of inferiority sent him in search of companions who could bolster his desire to write by giving him the confidence he lacked. In London, where Cournos went to find his literary Eldorado, he came to know intimately Ezra Pound, William Butler Yeats, Gordon Craig and other figures. In Petrograd, from the lofty perch of a British propaganda mission, of which Cournos was a member, he saw the birth of the Russian Revolution. If Mr. Cournos were less worried about the spiritual life and the fate of beauty in a materialist world, less fearful of labels and issues and less anxious to please and be charming, he might have written a more valuable book. But the pages of his record—instead of throwing a penetrating light on himself and his time—are sprinkled with such bromides as "America is a better country since the Depression. It is h

William Cecil: The Power Behind Elizabeth, by Alan Gordon Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 287 pages. $3.75.

THIS NEAT and pleasantly written recapitulation of the essential facts about early Elizabethan diplomacy should be particularly useful as a corrective introduction to Lytton Strachey's well tailored and rather hollow portraits of the "middle era." It is marred at its central point, however, by a quaint and more than useless philosophy of history—Carlyle's great-man myth—as well as a vague strain of anti-Tudor prejudice. Cecil was not "the one unifying principle of the Elizabethan age"; he was rather a secular Wolsey with infinitely more brains, who managed not only to die in his own bed but to engineer the final victory of English nationalism. By tying his limitless ambition to the kite of Elizabeth and her conservative Protestantism, he not only did what Calvin and John Knox could not do—politicize the Reformation—but paved the way for England's ascendency as a world power, for the prosperity of the upper-middle class, and, incidentally, that of the House of Cecil. He was not exactly a scoundrel; merely an emancipated politician with a touch of genius and a doughty personality, best expressed in his own surly deathbed prayer: "One drop of death, Lord Jesus: Oh, what a heart is this, that will not let me die!" A. K.

Deserts on the March, by Paul B. Sears. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press. 231 pages. $2.50.

The head of the department of botany at the University of Oklahoma points out the fact that while man is the only animal able to destroy the balance of nature, he condemns his own civilizations by doing so. The Mayas and the Sumerians and other great peoples of the past destroyed natural resources faster than they could be replaced, and a combination of mechanical invention and ruthless energy has caused us in our time to squander water, timber, grassland and much else. Dr. Sears believes in greater government control to be gradually brought about by the education of public opinion. "It is not merely soil, nor plant, nor animal, nor weather, which we need to know better, but chiefly man himself." J. G.

The Longest Years, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 332 pages. $2.50.

This is a scarcely disguised autobiographical sketch of Sigrid Undset's childhood. Mrs. Undset follows Ingvild, the child in whom she portrays herself, from infancy to the age of eleven. Ingvild's home life in Oslo was frugal, wholesome and scholarly. Her mother was a woman of mind and will, whose generosity and disarming sense of realism saved her from the restricted outlook of her time. Her father, a professor and archeologist, instilled in Ingvild, from the richness of his own psychological make-up, a love of the old sagas which was to become the source of Mrs. Undset's later novels. His death, which occurred at a crucial period in the child's development, darkens the closing pages of the book. Mrs. Undset's subdued art makes one feel how great a scar this loss was to leave on the child's life. In contrast to this passage, the earlier portions of the book are little better than a family album and not half so amusing. Even at the end, it would seem that the author's fidelity to what she remembers has crippled her creative powers. Life retold must be disentrenched from an amorphous mass of events and relived to make good reading and

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Early One Morning, by Walter de la Mare. New York: The Macmillan Company. 625 pages. $5.

Mr. de la Mare owns to a lively interest in children but disclaims any intention of explaining them. Out of his interest has grown this richly documented compilation of childhood recollections. He has gone to letters, journals, memoirs and conversations for the extracts and anecdotes given here—on childish joys, fears, achievements and on children's reactions to both commonplace and memorable aspects of their surroundings. The result is a valuable source book of childhood, more adapted for dipping into than for continuous reading. In it the fruits of considerable research are presented with charm and lightness of touch. M. G.

Summer Time Ends, by John Hargrave. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

This novel is written in what is called cadenced prose. It looks ragged on the page. It uses nearly all the ways of writing associated with Dos Passos, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf. For 877 pages it chirps and chatters and does the free-association act on the themes of sex and the dole. Social Credit, the jacket blurb hints, is an even deeper theme. This writer, not content with the rather prim and cautious technique of the inventors of stream of consciousness, arranges it so that three or four streams run side by side for many pages. When Lady Swingletree runs away from the lord her senile husband and picks up virile young George, who is unemployed and on the dole, and has in his turn run away from poor pregnant Jenny, the novelist shuffles the four streams in line units and the reading, which was never easy, becomes both elaborate and dull. G. T.

Contributors

HAMILTON BASSO was born in Louisiana and for a number of years did newspaper work in New Orleans. He is now living in North Carolina, where he is working on a new novel.

GUENTHER STEIN is an internationally known economist who was formerly on the staff of the Berliner Tageblatt. He is the author of "Made in Japan," and has spent the past two years in that country investigating industrial and financial conditions.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of several volumes of poetry, including "Conquistador," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1932. A play, "Panic," was produced in New York last season. His poem in this issue is from "Public Speech," a volume of verse soon to be published.

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ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," is working on a new novel.

ALLEN TATE has published several books of poetry and biographies of Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson. At present he is a member of the faculty at Southwestern University in Memphis, Tennessee.

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WALTER ALLEN is a young English poet and critic who recently spent several months in New York.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of John Stuart, Alfred Kazin, Joe Gould, Frances Valensi, Martha Gruening and Genevieve Taggard.

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